

Plans Ahead on: Bethers (Bethards) Families

#	What To Do	Date	#	What To Do	Date
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1.	Clean & copy all pict's. & histories from HJBM	2-7-87	10.	Copy all FHL Archive #1 FGS.	6-4-91
2.	Alphabetize all these.	2-7-87	11.	Search PPMU	0-
3.	Expand names of all children & spouses	2-10-87	12.	LDS Rigor. Envy	0-

4.	Alma Bethers	2-8-87	13.	Heber Tel. Directory	0-
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5.	Dean Bethers	2-10-87	14.	Search Lion's Directory	0-
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6.	Neil Bethers	2-9-87			
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7.	Rex Bethers	"			
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8.	Robert Walter Man Bethers	"			
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9.	Wm Samuel Bethers	"			
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10.	Eugene Rasband on Bethers	2-6-87			
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11.	His FGS & records	"			
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12.	None Directory	10-26-87			
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13.	Bethers, Dean	654-3557			
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14.	Bethers, Harris	825 So. Main			
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15.	Mary Ann	Heber RFD			
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16.	Bethers, Leonard	654-1887			
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17.	Bethers, Leslie	224 E. 4th So.			
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18.	Mable Shirley	255 W. 3rd So.			
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19.	Marilyn	654-1853			
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20.	Lord, Melanie, Susan, Pamela, Patricia.				
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21.	Given				
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22.	11-11-87				
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23.	Copy all Archive #2 Records @ FHL in SL				
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Bethers, Mrs. Lynnan
Dwaine
RFD Box 83A
654-1176

Bethers, Paul
Lucille
Canoke, Keith, Kent.
179 No. 2nd E.
654-1045

Bethers, Rex
 Naide
 Gable, Jill, Ross.

Bethers, Steve A.
 Terri
 Stephanie, Steven.

List of
Bethers;
Betty

Leonard

Rupnan & Jacklin
Harold construct.

Dennis "

Allen "

Harrel

Reed "

Paul "

Tom Daniel "
Jacoback P 858
P 859

WELCOME TO THE

1989

Bethers

family reunion

This year's "Spotlight" shines on the family patriarch,

Dean Bethers

and as always we begin the story of his life with his own narrative:

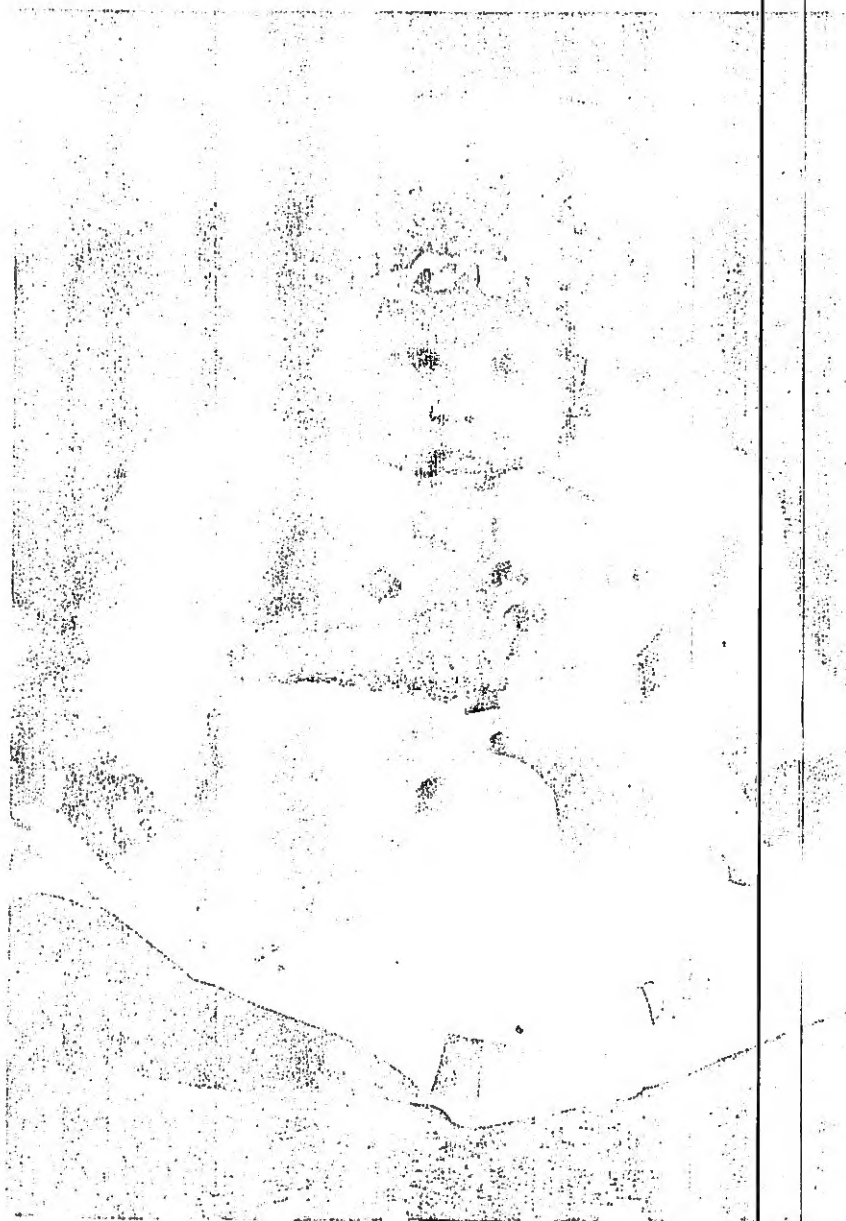
I was born on the 6th of August, 1910 (a Monday) at the home of my Maternal Grandmother, Sarah Jane York Tiffany] at 409 East Third South, in Provo, Utah. The time was 6pm. At birth I weighed 12 3/4 pounds, and was the first born into the family, that would eventually be comprised of five boys and four girls, of ALBERT FRANCIS AND ALMIRA TIFFANY BETHERS. Dr. Westwood was the Doctor.

I wouldn't nurse or take a bottle, so as an infant I was fed by spoon until I was old enough to drink from a cup. I walked at the age of 15 months.

We soon went back to our log house 1/2 mile west of the Daniel gravel pit. Dad had rented the house from Uncle Eph Bethers. There was an epidemic of Whooping Cough in the Ward when I was to be Blessed, so I received my Blessing at home from my Great-Grandfather Asa Bartlet York and Grandfather William Samuel Bethers. At that time I was given the name of DEAN, after my mother's grade school teacher in Lehi, Ariz.

Leslie was born here on the 31st of October, 1911. Dr. Wm Russell Wherritt was our family doctor by this time.

We had no electricity and no water lines. We did have outside toilets and we packed our water from nearby ditches or springs, or we melted snow. Some of our luckier neighbors had wells. For lighting we had candles and coal-oil (kerosene) lamps. Cooking, water warming, and house heating was accomplished by the use of wood-burning stoves. Galvanized boilers were used to heat water for clothes washing and a No.3 galvanized tub was our bath tub.





House Bethers was born

Norma was born on 29 June, 1913, and shortly afterwards we moved into the large northwest room of Grandpa Bethers' red brick home that had an unfinished second story.

Grandmother had died in the Spring of 1909, and Uncle Zadock and Aunt Luella had been living there for some time taking care of Grandpa and his house. When they moved into their new home it became Dad and Mother's turn to care for things.

My first memory is of Christmas, 1913. Les was playing with his present, a sand bucket and shovel, and wouldn't let me play with him, so I got the kitchen stove shovel and was going around the room shoveling

air. Norma was about six months old at this time, and was sitting on the floor on a blanket, propped up with pillows. I shoveled too close to her, and hit her in the head. Dad, who was home from the herd for Christmas, grabbed her up. My parents told me that Heavenly Father had just about taken her back and would do so, if I wasn't more careful not to hurt her any more. I really thought that if Dad hadn't had such a firm hold on her leg, she would have been taken back to Heaven.

Another early memory took place in early summer of 1914, when Les fell into our spring. I was not yet four years old and he was about two and a half. The spring was about 100 feet southwest of the house, at the foot of a big cottonwood tree. This particular spring was a covered pool some six feet in diameter. Water ran from it where the animals were kept, as well as to a lovely garden some distance west of the house. It also supplied cold water, which had to be packed in buckets, for drinking and household purposes. Les and I were playing in the area and Grandpa was a short distance away fixing a fence. We, Les and I, decided to run over to the spring to watch the fish in it eat the bugs that fell into the water. Les tried to catch a particularly good looking fish and fell in. Before I could yell for help, Grandpa had gotten Les out, so quick that he had hardly gotten wet.

It wasn't too long after that incident that Les and I found the wagon dope and greased the wagon and buggy everywhere but where it was needed. The greasing done, we then climbed to the top of the barn where the hay pulley had been placed. We were afraid to come back down the narrow ladder to the hay below, and it fell to Grandpa, who was 72 at the time, to climb up and rescue us.

Grandpa Bethers, as you can surely read between these lines, managed to keep quite busy taking care of his farm, orchard, and us.

He was so patient and kind as I now remember him. Great-Grandpa York, who would spend his summers with Grandpa Bethers, and took care of the garden, seemed rather cranky to us at the time. Now, after reading his history, he doesn't



If you think my baby picture on page one is cute (and lots of people do), take a look at Arthella...quite a looker, huh?

seem to have been so cranky after all.

In the fall of 1914 my parents rented and moved into the yellow two room Hamilton house that was across the Sweeden Road north of George and Joyce Anderson. Years later Clifford bought the house and moved it to a piece of property he had purchased from the Daniel Ward (it had been their ball park), just east of where Uncle Henry lived. After he built a new home, our old house was again moved, this time to a position east of his father's home on the west road into Heber.

I remember little of living here, but it was more comfortable for mother who was by then expecting Effie. Winter came and went, and on May the 9th, 1915 Effie arrived. I can't recall whether or not Dad came home from his sheep herd tending duties, but Jenny Smith did, and she helped Mother for some time. Summer came and we went to live with Grandma Tiffany, spending the winter of 1915-16 at her home in Provo. Somehow I just can't recall how we traveled to get there. Dad did leave the herd to join us for Christmas that year, and I do remember that Aunt Mary Steele, a widow, and her two girls and two boys lived in the next house to the north.

By the Spring of 1916 Dad had tired of herding sheep, so he got himself a job farming for the Indian Agency in Myton, Utah. He was 34 and Mother was 28 by this time. The road through Strawberry Valley was impossible to travel through, due to the deep mud, so Oliver and George Steele helped take our luggage to the train depot, and we were off to Helper, the first stop on our journey. A hotel room that night and the next morning we started up Indian Canyon by stage coach. The dirt road wasn't any better than the way through Strawberry would have been, but it was much shorter. Our coach was pulled by six horses, and I remember one place where a small mudslide had damaged the roadbed, one of the horses slid off the dugway road. The passengers helped unhook him, and he was helped back into position and reconnected. We then resumed our travel, the horses laboring through knee-deep mud. Other than the incident with the tangled horse, I remember little of our trip, and Mother never recorded it.

We finally arrived at the east end of Myton, and there we saw our home for the first time. It was a large tent on a wooden frame, with wooden floors and side windows. It had a small yard for us to play in and a privy out in back. It now seems that that must have been a short summer, for the only thing I can remember was a trip to Mt. Emmons in the wagon to visit Great-Aunt Nancy Smith, Grandfather's oldest sister, and her son Tom. My memories of her include watching her carding wool, spinning it on an old spinning wheel, and doing some knitting. We also watched as she squeezed the juice from home made cheese she was curing in a flour sack hanging under a shed or brush-covered bowery. One of her rooms had a dirt floor and a dirt roof. It was really a pioneer dwelling. In later years she was to live with Grandpa and Uncle Henry and Aunt Hester. I always liked her.

As I said, the summer soon passed and we returned to Daniel, then on to Park City in a wagon with all our belongings, pulled by a team of good horses. As I remember, I was about two weeks late for school that year. We lived in a rented home in Deer Valley and Dad got a job at either the mine or the Deer Valley Smelter.

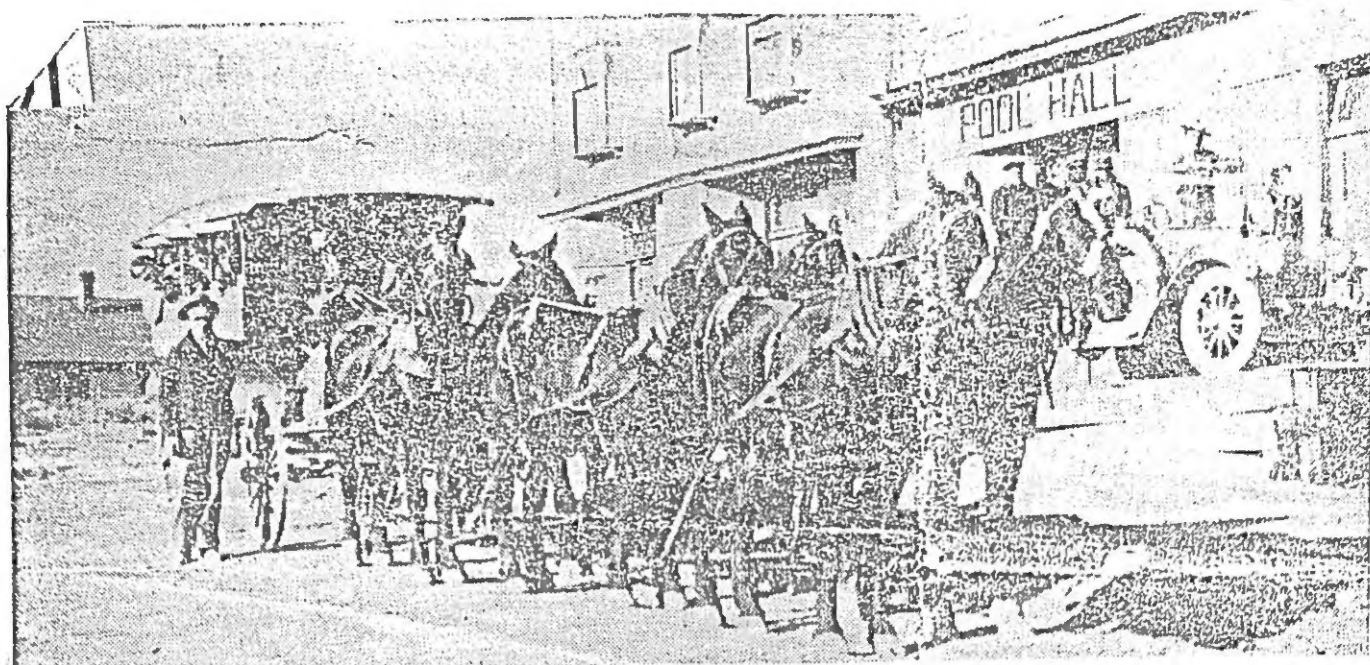
Our house was the farthest east up Deer Valley, in the first row of houses across the railroad tracks. It seemed an awfully long walk to Washington School at the bottom of 2nd Street. There was more mud than snow that year, and at Christmas Les and I worried a lot about how Santa would be able to reach us. We did get presents at the proper time, and afterward we went outside to check...sure enough we could see sleigh tracks in the mud.

I can't remember the name of my first and second grade teacher, but I was able to come up with a couple of pictures that have helped jog my memories of the stage coach trip and of Washington School. I will put them on the next page of this history, so that I might share them with you.

In the summer of 1917 we moved into a two room house that Dad had purchased from a lawyer. It had rough one-inch boards vertically on the outside, with lath strips covering the cracks and a screen porch on the east side of the kitchen. We were to live here until we returned to Daniel in 1919.

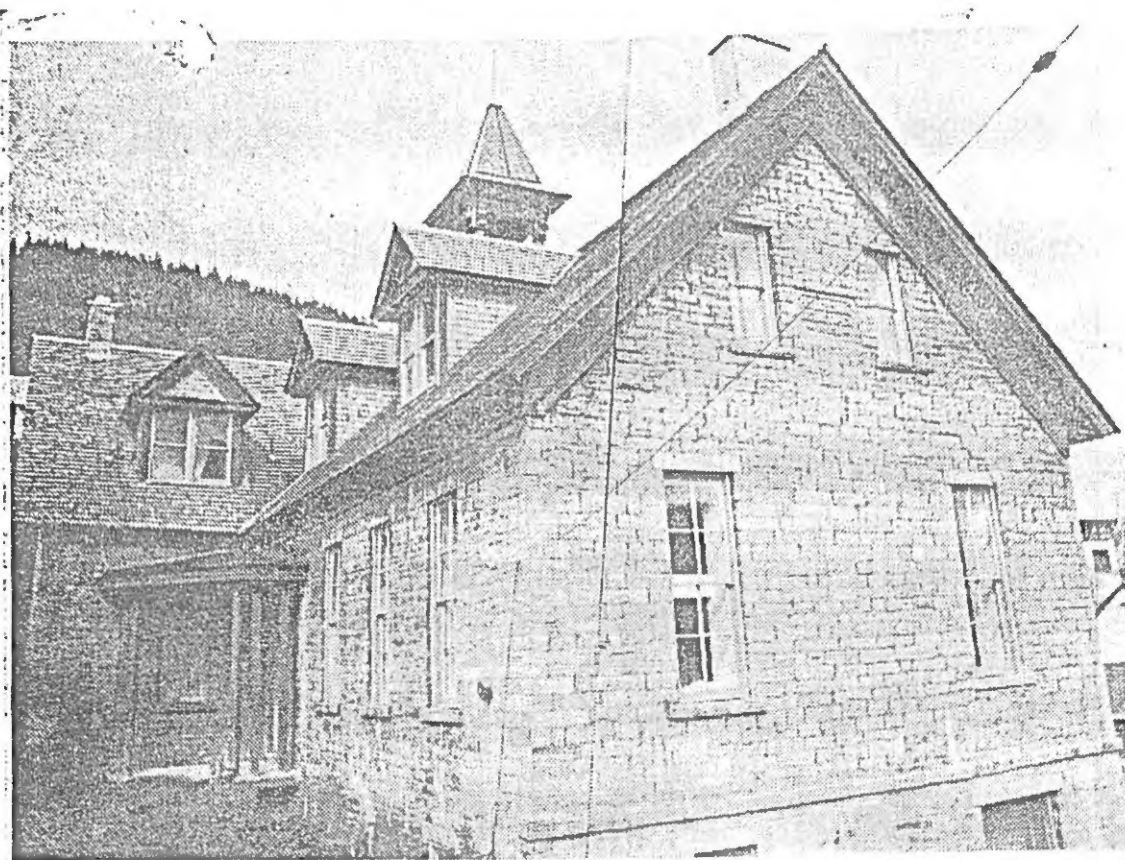
Alvin was born on the 7th of August, 1917, the day after my 7th birthday, in Park City, with Dr La Compt helping. I remember the occasion quite well, Aunt Sarah had come over to help Mother, and I had a very sore throat. Aunt Sarah put a cold water cloth on my neck, and I got the croup almost immediately. I could hardly get a breath, so they boiled water and steamed me for some time before I was relieved enough to go to sleep for the night. The next morning I woke up covered with German Measles.

When school started that year I was in the second grade and Les was in the first. Les had a few bad times that year, like the time he and an older friend named Truman Giles decided they would leave school and walk to Heber, to visit their respective grandfathers. Unfortunately, they went the wrong way. Instead of taking the Heber Road, they walked north toward Peoa and Oakley. The mailman, returning to Park City, found them and returned them home. They were nearly frozen, and probably would have been, had it not been for the mailman and his timely arrival.



End of one era and the beginning of another. The old stagecoach and, on the porch of the pool hall, the car that rep

When The Stagecoach Ran To Vernal



Sleeping inn school

The old Washington School in Park City will re-open Saturday as a country-style bed-and-breakfast inn. The school was built in 1889 and was one of a few Park City buildings to endure a fire in 1898. It was a public school until 1931 and a Veterans of Foreign Wars social hall from 1936 into the 1950s. It has been abandoned for almost 30 years. Renovation work to turn the building

into the Washington School Inn was begun last year by builder Mac MacQuoid and architect Wallace Cooper. The old school, 543 Park Ave., is listed on the National Register of Historic Places and Utah Register of Historic Sites. It was built for \$13,000, of limestone quarried near Peoa, Summit County. The inn will have 12 bedrooms and three suites.

In the spring of 1917 Dad bought a milk cow that came to be called "Old Liney" for the white line along her back bone, and we didn't have to buy our milk any more. Dad put a bell around her neck and turned her loose on the hill behind our house. The sound of that bell helped Les and myself find her, so we could bring her back to the new barn Dad had built.

We made many good friends, neighbors, and playmates while in Deer Valley. Among them were the Bloods, the Alexanders, Dolph Blackley, the Brierleys, Daniel, Eph McMillan, Roe Wheeler, Rose Hansen, Bob Bethers, and many others.

I don't remember going to church there, but it was here that Alvin was Blessed and given his name, on the 2nd of September, 1917, by Alonzo A. Brim. Dad was not active in the Church until sometime in 1925 or 26.

We had electric lights, but no other electric appliances like a radio or (of course) television. We also had no water in the kitchen, but there was a water tap inside the screen porch, and it was here that we did the family washing. It was my job to turn a fly-wheel with a handle sticking out from the outer rim, which in turn agitated the clothes. Imagine how happy we were (I was) when Dad came home with a water-powered motor that would turn the washing machine. It fastened onto the tap in the same manner as a hose would and the water pressure turned a wheel onto which rode a flat belt that in turn rotated the washer. The speed of the turning was controlled with a valvetap, and the waste water ran through a pipe under the floor to the outside.

During the summer Les and I were permitted to visit our cousins in Daniel. We liked to stay with Uncle Wills and Aunt Annie, where we were allowed to ride the horses to the field with Harris and Harold who were a few years older than us. We also liked to visit with Aunt Mary Jane, and to play with Taylor who was Les' age. On several holidays we, with other children, marched in the local parades, receiving a dime for our efforts.

Dad worked, as I said earlier, in the mine. Les and I started school that fall of 1918, but we didn't attend very long, for a killer flue broke out and school was closed. No one was allowed out in public without a gauze mask of several thicknesses covering our nose and mouth. I was eight years old when my mother tied a mask around my face and sent me to the store to buy groceries and medicine.

World War One was in progress, and I can remember that Herbert Hoover was in charge of food and other things. Everyone had to buy flour made from potatoes, rice, or beans, as there was quite a shortage of wheat. We did not like this at all.

November the 11th, 1918...Armistice Day...the end of the War to end all wars! Park City received the news late that night. We were awakened by noise making, explosions, screaming, and yelling, all accompanied by a band playing and marching along the road. It was a joyful affair...the Armistice had been signed! Kaiser Wilhelm, the German leader, received most of the blame for the war, and an effigy of him was hanged at the head of Main Street. People sang "Kaiser Bill went up the hill to take a look at France...Kaiser Bill came down the hill with bullets in his pants." There was a big parade and celebration the next day, because the war was over, and the Soldier Boys would be coming home.

The winter of 1918-19 was a long one, no school and lots of flue and deaths. Spring finally came and Dad and Mother began hoping to return to Daniel, to raise their family, perhaps finding a job on a farm.

There was one especially happy occasion for us before we were able to leave Park City, on the 27th of April my sister Irene was born.

On the Third of June, 1919 Uncle George Bethers' wife Jane died leaving Lila and Mahlon (Sam) for him to care for. Uncle George asked Dad and Mother to return to Daniel and to live in his home and care for his children. It was Uncle George's intention that Dad and Mother also operate his farm so that he might seek work in the mine or as a sheep herder.

It was not long before we were back in Daniel running Uncle George's farm as well as Uncle Ace's. We all had plenty to do.

On the 2nd of August, 1919, four days before my ninth birthday, John H. Carlea, the Ward Clerk, with his horse and buggy, took me and a few others to the Buhlers Hot Pots in Midway and Baptized us. I remember that one of the instructions he gave us was for us to not take the Lord's name in vain. I have been very faithful in observing that admonition. I only wish he had told us a lot more. Bishop Joseph C. McDonald confirmed me as a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at the Fast and Testimony Meeting the next day.

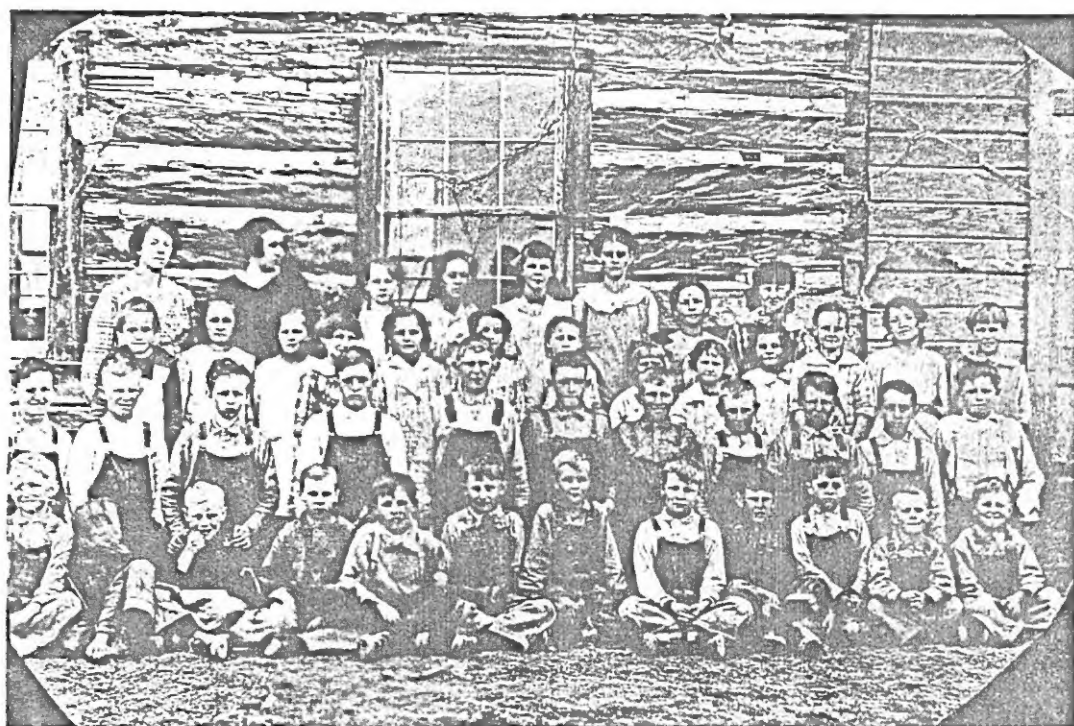
I believe I was the most backward boy in Tessie McGuire's 1st, 2nd, & 3rd grade room when I started school late in September, 1919. It didn't take her long to get me over a good part of it. She was a very good teacher, and I was lucky enough to have many other good ones too, among them were Clara Huber, Minnie Evans Cummings, and O.J. Call in the grades and many more in High School.

The school was two one room buildings, the church house and the school itself, connected by a hallway. The church house dated from 1903, when the Daniel and Buysville Wards had been combined into the Daniel Ward. It was located near the north-west corner of a two acre plot of ground in the center of the community.

We had no electricity, outside toilets, and the water had to be hauled in.



old school house



Normal 2nd grade class and 1st and 2nd grade in Daniel

Shortly after school started we moved into the house west of Henry X. Clegg and his second wife, Emma Jacklin. Dad had purchased the house from Roe Wheeler who had moved his wife and family to Park City, so that he could work in the mines. Our new home was one and one-half miles from school and Church was held in the large amusement hall built in 1910.

The Social Hall was a spacious building with a polished oak dance floor on which we played basketball and held plays. It must have 40x50 feet in size, had a very high ceiling, and a 16 foot stage. For church socials there was a kitchen stove and cupboards, and for church classes there was a potbellied stove in the southeast corner of the hall. Additional heating was accomplished by means of more modern heaters in the northwest corner and on the stage. As there was no electricity until the early 1920s, the hall was lighted by flat-bottomed coal-oil lamps hung on the walls. Later these were replaced by carbide lamps hung in the same areas. I remember that the carbide tanks were placed in the coal house at the north end of the building, and small pipes took the gas to the open-flame lamps.

One of the assignments that I can easily remember from the third grade was that the teacher, Tessie McGuire, wanted for us to bring some pioneer stories from our grandparents. I asked Mother for help and she took me to Grandfather Bethers (Uncle Billy, as he was called). This was just before Thanksgiving, and she wrote as Grandpa-Bethers talked. I was well prepared for class the next day.

Mother had started something she couldn't quit. She wrote histories for the rest of

her life. She wrote for Wards and Societies, and for other people. She was Historian for the Daughters of Utah Pioneers in Salt lake, and was to do lots of Genealogy during her lifetime.

Our school bus was like a converted covered wagon. It had bench seats along each side, a door in the rear with steps to climb in and out on, and the front was wooden with narrow windows and slots for the lines to drive the horses with. The sides were canvas, and could be rolled up on warm days. During the winter the bus was put on bob sleds so that it could handle the snowy roads.

Actually, the bus was for the High School students going to school in Heber, but the Grade School students from the southeast end of Daniel rode it to within one-half mile of the school and walked home. Some of my fellow students rode their ponies to class.

I do not remember attending church very much before the age of twelve. Dad was not, as I mentioned earlier, active at this time, and much of his winter seasons were spent herding sheep, and it was just too hard on Mother for her to take so many small children.

For me, Primary and Religion Class was after school. One of the things I did get from Primary was the red measles...when I was ten.

On the 7th of January, 1923, five months and one day past my twelfth birthday, I was ordained a Deacon by Uncle Zadock Bethers. From then on I attended regularly.

I thought it was great, and I felt honored, to pass the sacrament and gather fast offerings. A common dinner plate was used to pass the bread, and a glass was filled from a water pitcher and passed so that each person might take a sip. The fast offerings usually were a few pounds of flour. We would collect the flour in a bucket, weigh it, and give the donor credit for his offering. The flour was then put in a sack which was in our buggy or wagon, and off we would go to the next family. At the end of our day we would turn the fast offerings over to the Ward Clerk who would keep it for the Bishop.

The family of ALBERT and ALMIRA BETHERS was not "well-to-do" in the sense of worldly goods, and as I reflect on my life, I am quite happy that this was the case. Had we had more, I just might not have turned out to be the person I am today. I do not mean to sound smug and self-satisfied, for I recognize that I still have a long way to go. But all in all I am happy with the way I have been allowed to live, and the foundation for this happiness was laid during these years. Oh, we had some lean years, but we never starved, and I have many memories of happy, worth-while years together.

Family home evenings would frequently find Mother playing the old pedal organ and singing to us. I still remember her stories of her early life in Lehi, Arizona, and of her experiences among the Indians in the Papago Ward, where her father was Bishop, and her mother a nurse and midwife. Mother shared a rich youth with us through her stories of Pioneer life, and Indian burials, and all she herself had lived.

Dad would play the harmonica or the accordion and do a step-dance, and tell pioneer stories and spooky tales until we were afraid to go to bed alone. All in all, it was a good time, and we were a very close family.

For many years, as soon as school was out in the spring, some of the nearby farmers would take their families and cleaning equipment, load them into their wagons, hitch up their teams and head for the upper Strawberry Valley to clean and repair irrigation ditches. These ditches carried water to the head of McGuire Canyon, from which it was disbursed to the various farms. Spring cleaning was no small job, usually involving a full week of work and camping out for those involved.

In the spring of 1922, when Les and I were 11 and 12, respectively, my brother and I went with Dad for these annual chores. Mother stayed at home with the smaller children. After the ditch cleaning was completed, Dad was chosen to ride the banks for a few extra days to check for unforeseen leaks or breaks, and that year Les and I had an extended vacation. Though we were still quite young, it was not too early for Dad to begin our lessons of life, and one of the things Dad taught us early was that we were to work for the money we were to get.

In addition to the team and wagon, this year we took two saddle horses to the Upper Strawberry. Dad rode a horse that was somewhat hard to handle and Les and I shared "Old Prince", cousin Bill Price's horse. Old Prince was gentle enough for us to master, but he had one bad habit, if you put your heels to his flanks, he would buck with enthusiasm. One of our tasks one particular day was to check the amount of water in a reservoir some two miles above Mill B Flat, so the farmers in the valley below could better plan their summer irrigation needs. Les and I were intent on enjoying the scenery and the wild birds and animals we encountered while traveling up the narrow road, but Dad felt compelled to remind us that there might well be a bear or a mountain lion in the area, and to caution us to be watchful for hazards.

When we finally arrived at the big pond, Dad had succeeded in cautioning us about bears and/or mountain lions. Dad dismounted, walked to a sandy beach, and dropped to his knees. Les and I stayed back a ways, on Old Prince's back, ready for flight, should the need arise.

Sure enough, Dad reported animal tracks in the sand, but stated that he was unable to decide whether they were from a bear or a mountain lion. We moved Old Prince in closer to study the tracks, not realizing that Dad had made them himself only a few seconds before. Suddenly he jumped up and yelled, "Its a bear, and here it comes." Dad got to his horse and was away, down the road. Now let me tell you what happens when two frightened lads hear their dad tell of a bear about to attack, and then watch him leave the area in a rapid manner. First they point their horse in the direction Dad has just taken and then they communicate their need to flee to the horse they are sitting on in an urgent manner...with their heels. Unfortunately the horse didn't appreciate the urgency of the moment, and he especially didn't appreciate those heels. Les and I flew through the air, landed in a bush, and were back on the horse in less time than it now takes to tell the tale. We never did think to check on where that bear was by this time, we just lit out after Dad. When we finally caught up with him, Dad had slowed his ride considerably, and was laughing so hard he had tears rolling down his cheeks. He was glad to see that we were all right, but he wasn't above a prank or two when the opportunity arose.

He was a real Dad, even though he was a big tease. He never physically punished us, his rather quiet tongue-lashings could be depended upon to do the trick. When our behavior warranted the brush, it was Mother who held it, but never for more than we deserved.

Howard was born on the 12th of April, 1923, and it was another joyful occasion for the family, especially when Mother was able to get around again. She was a good mother, although her health was not very good most of the time. All of us children helped with the "Motherly" chores, and we loved her a lot.

We could hardly wait for school to begin in the fall of 1923. We had a new school building, with all the modern fixtures. We now had electric lights, a stoked coal furnace for hot-water radiator heat, and rest rooms in the basement. There was a flag pole and a cement walk to the road...what a change!

Tessie McGuire taught 1st, 2nd, and 3rd grades in the north-central room, Clara Huber the 4th, 5th, and 6th in the west room, and O.J. Call taught the 7th and 8th grades in the east room. It was in this room that I completed the 7th and 8th grades under Mr. Call.

In the winter of 1923-24, after electric lights had been installed, we began to play basketball in the old hall, on Monday nights. This was long before we were to have Family Home Evenings on that night. The Bishopric decided to hold Priesthood meetings before basketball practice, in an attempt to raise the attendance. Unfortunately, it wasn't long before the boys and young men began arriving just before the practice session, and the Priesthood meeting was rescheduled for Sunday, following Sunday School. We had lots of fun playing ball...and at the various church parties that included soccer, playing marbles, and sleigh riding in the winter.

On the 17th of December, 1924 my brother Ned was born and welcomed into the family. At this time Dad was driving the two-horse powered covered wagon that was our school bus, so he paid Olive Clegg, our next door neighbor, to do the housework and to help Mother for two weeks. Myrtle Sexton was to help when Howard was born. I remember them both as very fine women.

My memories of this time are somewhat scattered, but I do recall that it was a fun period in my life. School was fun because we were working towards a goal, that of progressing to another grade with our friends. School also meant noon, recess and the times after school when we could get together, strictly for fun. As we grew older work came to replace school as the number one priority in our lives, but by then we had learned to do a good job wherever we were working.

There was plenty of water in the canals for the growing season, which consisted of two crops of hay and one of grain. The canals also meant swimming and fishing and even deep wading for those of us who couldn't swim. Leslie and I would turn the water to Center Creek, once catching a fish so long that we couldn't cover it with the flour sack, then turning the water back into the ditch before the farmers would miss it. Les and Taylor Oaks were nearly always together, along with Floyd and Les Smith. I even tried fishing with a willow pole, line, and hook...but I couldn't even catch a cold with that rig, so I gave up the sport early.

I never owned a cap gun. Dad once found a 20 gauge shotgun and we used that to hunt rabbits in our teens.

As far back as I can remember, we never left our home without our parents' permission. They tried to keep us busy doing something worth while, but during the winter months that became quite a chore in itself, without radio or television. At the age of ten I began working in the hay. There were no motorized cutting or baling implements like those that are available today, only horse drawn equipment.

I started out tromping hay as it was thrown onto the rack by men with pitchforks, so that we could haul bigger loads. I had hay fever so bad that I had to sleep sitting up

in bed in order to breathe. I couldn't eat my meals without sneezing and wiping my nose, and suffering from tearful, itching eyes that felt as if they had sand in them. I remember having to leave the table before I could finish dinner at Uncle Henry and Aunt Hester's, because my lungs were wheezing severely. But I survived many years in the hay fields, and am happy that my parents kept me as busy as they did.

We could not afford coal, so we depended on wood from the canyon or from Strawberry, for our heating needs. We would saw the wood into stove lengths, then split it with an axe. On one occasion, in late summer, I was splitting some stove length wood when the axe hit a knot and bounced back. I managed to cut my left thumb nail and the end of my thumb, to the back layer of flesh. Fortunately, I was working with a dull axe, or I might have lost the thumb entirely. Dad put a slice of chewing tobacco around the wound and wrapped it with a bandage...and it healed really fast.

I graduated from the eighth grade when I was fifteen. Horton Thacker was my best pal during those last six years. He had never missed a day of school, as I had during the Flu year. It seems that his parents did not want him to go to high school when he finished the eighth grade, so he took that grade for a second time. Besides, so he said, he wanted to go to high school with me. That made me very happy.

I was set apart as 1st Counselor in the Deacon's Quorum by L.J. Howe in January, 1925.

In late September, 1925 we started high school, riding in the covered wagon school bus that my father was driving for the third year. It was a big change for us to have a different teacher for each class. On the very first day the English teacher assigned us to write a 200 word essay. I hated to write anything, mainly because I was so bad at it, and I just about called my educational opportunities finished and headed for home. But I stuck with it, and the first few weeks were quite a trial for me. However, I managed to eventually begin to like the change, and didn't want to miss a day. I also took classes on the Old Testament in the new Seminary Building.

Christmas of 1925 came and went, and we returned to school. Mother spent most of January and February of 1926 in bed because of her rheumatism, and we older children took turns staying home to care for our younger brothers and sisters.

Dad was still inactive in the Church and he didn't believe in letting anyone other than his own father come to administer to her. Dad had himself been bedfast since the previous summer, when a horse injured him by knocking a gate into him. Dad finally gave his permission to have Bishop Joseph C. McDonald come, and on a Sunday in March of 1926 I carried a note from Mother asking Bishop McDonald to come and for him to bring his Counselors. She stated she knew she would feel better if they would do this.

The Bishop came and brought four others with him. Joseph A. Orgill anointed her and Bishop McDonald sealed the anointing. With the seven Priesthood holders' hands on her head Mother felt herself recovering immediately. The pain left her and she felt none as they shook her swollen hands. The Bishop told her that she could now take care of things and no one would have to miss school. She replied, "I know I can handle things myself" and Dad could hardly believe what he had seen.

I believe that having seen my mother healed so quickly by the power of the Priesthood had an impact on my Dad's attitude towards the Church. At any rate, he soon started going to church and working on the Word of Wisdom.

Dad also knew that this would be the last year for the horse drawn school bus, so he and Mother decided it might be well for them to return to Lehi, Arizona. It was believed that the climate there would help keep her healthy. I think that Dad was really afraid of losing her to the cold climate, which would leave him in quite a fix, with eight kids to take care of all alone. Mother wrote to her brother, Uncle Ace Tiffany, who was the Bishop of an Indian Ward on the Reservation for his opinion. Uncle Ace replied that it was the thing to do, and stated his belief that Dad might be able to find work with the horses in the area. So, we older children started to worry about giving up our friends and this valley that we loved so much.

Dad made arrangements to purchase the covered wagon school bus and to remodel it, so we might travel "Pioneer-style" as soon as the crops were in.

Summer seemed to fly by in hurry, and on the 19th of September, 1926 Dad was Ordained an Elder by Joseph R. Murdock, and I was Ordained a Teacher by Uncle Zed Bethers. A short time later Dad and Mother received their Temple Recommend so that we could all be sealed together in the St. George Temple on our way to Arizona next month.

I made arrangements with my Seminary teacher to take a correspondence course in the New Testament for a year. I knew that I would not go to high school in Arizona, as I would be too far behind the others to catch up, by the time we could arrive there.

Preston McGuire drove the first motor bus from Daniel.

Dad did a good job with what help he could get from Les and I and with Mothers suggestions, converting the school bus into a flat bed covered wagon home on a wide metal tired wagon. There was a place on the sides and back of our camper for bailed hay and water barrels, a single tree was attached to the side for the third horse to help pull the heavy load.

Uncle Asa Bethers took mother and six younger kids to Provo in his car to visit grandmother a few days before we left. Les and I stayed with dad to finish getting ready to go. And we helped get things ready for Uncle Henry to sell for us, we didn't think we would be coming back.

It was the last week of September we left for Provo, with Old Ted, Nell, and Queen, (names of the three horses) pulling our winter home and stayed at grandmothers for a few days before going on our way. We left on the 27th of September on the concrete highway which ended at Nephi. Mother wrote the story of the trip so I will not tell all I remember just a few things. On the 18th of October we arrived in St. George. We received a letter from the Post office telling of grandfathers death the 7th of October. We camped two blocks northwest of the Temple. The next day we were sealed together for time and eternity. How happy we all were. Things went pretty good for us so far, but the worst was yet to come.

The last good drink of water was from a spring in a public camp ground just before we came to Las Vegas, Nevada. We had really enjoyed the trip so far. We had not passed any covered wagons like ours and only a few sheep camps, very few automobiles. From here on conditions got worse. After two months of both happy and trying times all arrived at Uncle Asa Tiffanys place except Dad, Les, and I. a few days before Thanksgiving day. Uncle Asa came for us. Dad and Les were bringing the poor worn out horses with a lighter load. Nell and Queen had to be buried near Glendale. Les rode old Ted the rest of the way and Uncle Asa pulled the wagon the rest of the way behind his Model 'T'.

The ten of us stayed several days, There were fourteen of their family which made a big crowd, but we managed to all get along until we moved our camp wagon to the front door of a old vacant church in Lehi. We had no doors and windows, but we had a good roof and a floor. It was just one large all purpose meeting room where we older children slept in and all spent more time in because it was warm.

The cotton, hay (alfalfa) and general crops harvest were in process.

There was little work in the area, that we could walk to. The farm work was done by Mexicans and Negroes.

The wages were low, if they had any left for the coming day., They didn't want to work.

A near by farmer needed cotton pickers, Les, and I with Dad, Norma, Effie, Alvin and Irene who was only seven years old went to work. In one long afternoon a long half a day Les and I made 25¢. We were paid so much per pound. I don't remember what the others were paid. They picked a few more days then Uncle Asa found us jobs which was good because the cotton pickers were going on strike and we did not have to.

Les went to work for John Brown, Milking cows and working in cotton gins and hauling the cotton and other farm work from daylight until dark for \$2.75 a day.

I worked on the new Lehi ward church shoveling gravel and sand into a portable concrete mixer, Then taking turns pushing a all metal flat wheel, wheelbarrow up wooden planks and dumping it into basement forms which were half above ground level. I got plenty of exercise. I earned every cent of pay which was \$3.75 per day.

The other kids, Norma, Effie, Alvin and Irene went to grade school. Les and I could not go to High School in Mesa. We got work once in a while and that helped the family survive. Because of so many mules in Arizona even if our horse would have survived we could not have found work with them.

We lived in the wagon and the old church house until Christmas and then rented a house near by. Here we had a fairly good Christmas After that Dad and I went to work Leveling ground for a contractor. (Bill Jarman). Uncle Asa's brother-in-law with four mules on a frezno for a time near Lehi while Les was still working for John Brown.

Les and I attempted to go to church in Lehi but we didnot go to school so we didn't know any kids we were not accepted very well so we didn't go to Sunday School much.

I forgot to mention our special friend, pet playmate, and watch dog. "Old Rover", Who was like a member of the family. If we had not had him we would not have been so safe and happy.

Around the first of March Bill Jarman got a job to level some more ground, plant trees, orange, Lemon, and grapefruit. And build a road on the highway to a new house on a few acres of land. He wanted Dad, Les and I to do it for him. This was several miles away. West of Phoenix off of the camel back road. for a Mr. Jacobs a state enginier.

Bill let Dad take a horse to help Old Ted pull the wagon home to the camel back area where we rented a home near another school where the kids were put in school again.

The soil was really different, sort of yellow, very fine and compact. The contractor loosened it with a plow and digger pulled by a metal wheel tractor, so it could be moved by two four horses frezno or schapers leveling the ground. Les and I took turns on one of the dirt movers and planting trees until I hurt my arm. We finished planting the trees. The soil was so solid we drove metal pegs and put diamite in and blasted it. Then planted in proper rows

Arizona wasn't like it used to be when Mother was a girl. The faces and places had changed so much and chances for work were sarge. Mother and Dad decided to come back to Utah.

Uncle Hen had sold our home in Daniel and sent us the money. He sold to Lawrence Anderson. When we recived the money Mother and the six children came on the train back to Heber to Uncle Hens and Aunt Hester. Here is where Erma was born 29th of April 1927.

Dad, Les and I finished our jobs, bought two horses, Molly and Queen to help Ted pull the covered wagon back to Daniel. We left to come home by way of Parkers Ferry over the Colorado river to the west of Searchlight, Las Vegas, St. George and on through to Daniel and Uncle Henry's.

We stayed in Scipio, Uncle Ace Bethers in his Dodge brought Uncle Henry to get Dad at Scipio for Dad's birthday.

The trip was quite an experience and really worth while and the effort because Dad became active in the church and got to the temple. We were back to stay after a little over seven months from when we left for Arizona. Les and I brought the team and wagon from Scipio.

After our happy return from Arizona, We moved into Uncle Henry's place. He bought from John Garden across the road east of where Arthur Berkman lived. Dad ran the same farm he did before we left.

Dad got Les and I a job hauling lumber from Joe Turners saw mill above the Daniel Irrigation Company's Reservoir in Strawberry canyon to Mill B Flat in North Strawberry Valley where Parky Parkinson and Ed Bunnell hauled it on to Heber with their hard rubber tired world war truck.

Lewis McGuire and June Buys and John Oaks were logging and would take a load of lumber to the flat once in a while and camped by us so they could keep us out of trouble. I got a job at the saw mill for a while and June Buys helped Les haul the lumber.

Time flew by and I was going to High School again; But a year behind my classmates riding in a 30 passinger bus. What a change. I was happy to be back in school even if I did have to study hard for good grades. I sure did like to play basketball. I would sooner do that than eat. There were many other boys and men that liked to play. We would walk 2½ miles to the old hall, play ball and box until we give out then walk home in a foot or two of snow.

Every winter in High School the Freshman, Sofomores, Juniors and Seniors, played the class series in basket ball for the championship. I played center and after the jump after every basket scored I went back to guard. I played on the team all four years at the lunch hour affair. I didn't go out for High School basket ball because it was to late and to far to walk home from practice after school. I don't supose I could of made the team anyway but I had fun.

When M.I.A started in September 1927, I was Secretary to Pres. L.J. Howe. I was released in December to be second counslor in the Sunday School to Clifford McDonald in November 1931.

I never refused a job offered me in the church.

I was ordained a priest 25th of March 1928 by Bp. McDonalds 1st counselor Jos.A. Orgill.

I had alot of fun playing on the Daniels Ward M Men team the same position for a few years and on the old mens team when I was past 25 years old.

I sure enjoyed my High School Days very much, even if we didn't have a car to travel in.

I never learned to dance until I was 16 years, If it hadn't been for mother and some older girls in the ward teaching me, I never would have. Les and I liked to set on the stage a little behind the dance band and watch the people dancing. One time the Bishop asked us if we had a ticket of course I told him we were just looking on, he said "Look on tickets were half price." I reached in my pocket and gave him all I had- 2 quarters which filled the bill. He went off chuchling to himself. He was quite the person but we liked him anyway, But I never forgot it.

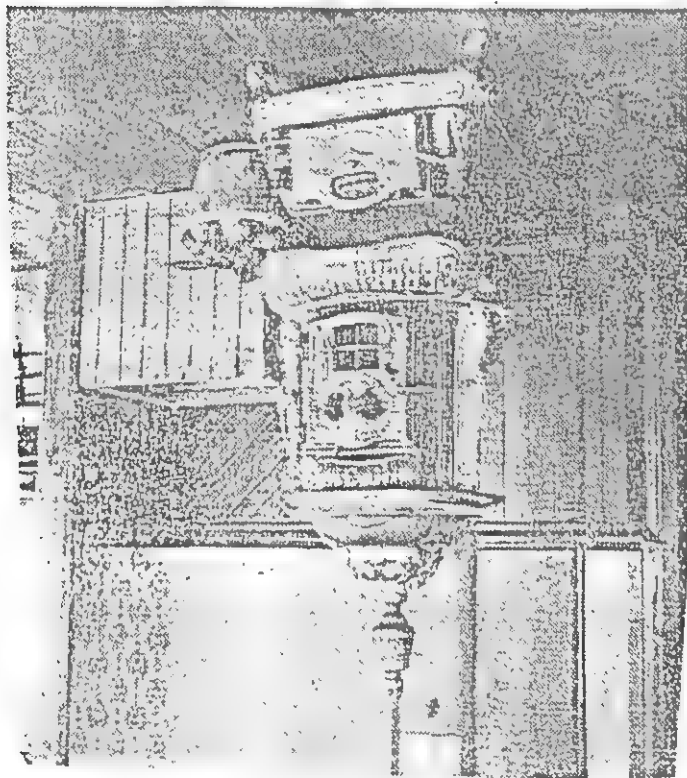
I had alot of friends the last two years of School. I went to the basketball games on the bus, and when I stayed for the main dances the Prom and Sr. Hop I would wear my suit to school stay to the dances and walk home afterwards, sometimes catching a ride and I never had a date until I graduated because I had no car and very little money.



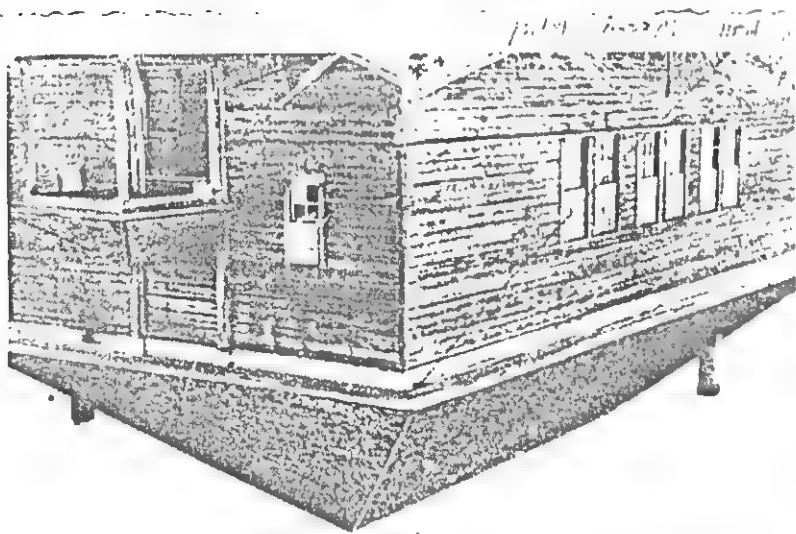
Searchlight High School 1927

THE MIND'S EYE

*Memories
keep us warm
in the winter of life.*



AMUSMENT HALL IN DANIEL



In 1929 we moved a mile further east, Uncle Henry and Aunt Hester wanted to live in their smaller home that we were living in, so we changed homes.

Dad was appointed administrator to settle the estate of grandfather so he decided to buy the house and 21 acres of ground. We were happy to live in the large red brick home for more room even if it was harder to keep warm. The ceiling was 10 feet high. The large home comfort stove we cooked on in a 25 foot square room being the kitchen, dining and front room could hardly keep it warm let alone the two small bedrooms. We had two large bedrooms on the north with heaters. With straw ticks for mattress, heavy quilts, hot rocks or bricks and three in a bed where possible we survived the cold winters.

We had outside toilets and packed water from the spring, a short distance away. We chopped or sawed and split wood daily for fuel.

The 26th of May 1929 I graduated from Seminary, I still had one more year of school. I went to work at the Silver King Mine in Park City. I lived with Uncle George two weeks until there was an opening at the King boarding house where I stayed for the summer. I thought I was doing great, my first steady job and was getting \$3.75 a day.

In all my life I never kept a diary or personal history until I started this on June 30th 1975 and rewrote this in the late 1984. I have never been a good hand writer.

I came home for the 4th or 24th to visit, I quit work one week before school started. I went to Salt Lake and purchased a tow seated Model "T" with side curtains and paid down payment on it. When I got in school my money didn't last very long so I let Les have the car if he would finish paying for it. He and Les (Shorty) Smith quit their jobs at the King and went to Salt Lake to the State Fair. The stock market closed- the depression started and they couldn't get their jobs back so Les lost the car.

I weighed 165 lbs. and was 5 11½" feet tall so I made the football team the first week as right guard and had a lot of fun even if we didn't win any games, we tied Granite High in a practice game. I made my letter in football and received a medal. Joe Muir was athletic director and got me on the year book staff as athletic reporter. It was a busy winter.

I liked church and School activities and learning although I was poor at memorizing. The time went fast and graduation day 29 May 1930.

My sister Norma who was a junior had some of her friend write in my year book for her as I had plenty of room.

At the graduation exercises in the Wasatch Stake house, Joe Dean and I offered the prayers I memorized a prayer but when I stood up before the full house I completely forgot it and I had to say it from scratch. I never memorized anything as a prayer since. With school out I felt sad as I may never see some of my friends again in this life. The depression was in full swing. I couldn't find a steady job. I couldn't have went on a mission if I had been asked. Dad did well to keep the home front in order. During the summer I helped do the farm work and helped other farmers in the hay between sneezing and wiping my eyes and nose. Hay fever wouldn't let up and neither would I. I was from one of the greatest families on earth, a forever family even if I didn't act like it, Our parents were great.

In the fall of 1930 I got a job with Utah Construction in Strawberry Valley at Trout Creek on a gravel crusher for a few weeks. It wasn't hard work, as long as the material to be crushed fell through the trap on to the conveyer belt which took it to the crusher without plugging up. There was nothing to do but lean on the shovel handle. It was hard to keep awake on the night shift. Nif Watson was night foreman. Others working with me were Jos. A. Orgill, Jim Orgill and Taylor Oaks. John Forman a Black Smith from Charleston, Utah Con. Gave us room and board.

The wages about 50¢ an hour. Dad traded the Model T off for a 1929 Chev two door sedan, I got to take it out to work a time or two.

I was ordained an Elder 21st of December 1930 by George A. Huntington a member of the High Council. I had a few dates but kept busy in the church, basketball and dances in the winter.

I was released from 1st counselor in the Sunday School 8th Feb. 1931 and put in as a teacher the next Sunday. In the spring I got a labor job from S.H. Newell Con. Co. Who built the first oiled road for cars, but still there was lots of horse drawn vehicles on the road. I was 20 years old.

The first time I noticed the girl I married about two years later was one morning at about 8 o'clock while working on the road between Clegg and Center Canyons in Daniel Canyon in early June. She had taken her Dad to work and was taking their Blue 1929 Pontiac home. She was wearing a blue and white visor cap and I thought she looked pretty. It was love at first sight. And I began planning to get acquainted with her and ask for a date. The chance came the night her Dad and Lettie were married and Arta and Weldon Rigbys Wedding reception dance. Some of the older guys and girls took Arta and Weldon over to Memorial Hill and left them without shoes to walk home. My sisters Norma and Effie and some others wanted me to take them over to see what was going on. The girl I married sat by me on the way back. We went together from that time and were married 12th July 1933 in the Salt Lake Temple by George F. Richards of the council of the twelve, with my wife's father and grandfather Remund as witnesses. We did a lot of walking that summer and riding in the sleigh in the winter as the depression still on and jobs were scarce. Our folks had a reception for us at the old Hall and a dance program, They each made a freezer of ice cream and bought \$2.00 worth of goodies to serve. We had to sit in the middle of the floor to open our gifts. Tell how and what we were going to use it for, before we opened

them, as this was the custom these days, But it was fun.

Arthell's stepmother Lettie's sister Luella and daughter went to the herd with her husband for the summer, So she asked us to live there and feed their chickens and pigs. The last of Aug. we went up the Provo river a little beyond the Broadhead Meadows where I worked a few weeks at the saw mill for Ellis and Murry Thackers. Their wives were there also, We each had a cabin and had a lot of fun at nights plying games.

When winter weather chased us out Dad and Mother let us live in the north east room and eat with them until we borrowed a cook stove from grandma Orgill. Then we bought us a table and four chairs for \$18.00 and begun to keep house for ourselves. Effie and Ellis lived across the hall in a large room on the west.

We received relief and commodities from the government but I worked for it on W.P.A. (work progress administration) F.E.R.A. (Federal Emergency Relief Act). Arthur Bartell and I laid sandstone retaining walls along the road edges in Wallburg and Lake Creek. I was foreman for a time over several men with teams and wagons hauling gravel for roads in our area while others were doing the same thing for other places in the country. We generally worked 3 days a week and got \$40.00 a month, which was very good considering what few miners were working for \$3.00 per day as there was no hiring there.

We had no phones so I rode Old Ted Dads horse down before sunrise to get Arthella's Dad and Lettie to take her to the hospital where Marva was born at 6:30 P.M. Sat. 17th Feb. 1934. The first grandchild for our parents on both sides. I blessed her the next Fast Sunday 1 April 1934.

I was ordained a Seventy the 27th of May 1934 by John H. Taylor of the first council of Seventy. I enjoyed that work very much. As I did all my church activities and responsibilities.

In the early summer Jay Swain Arthellas dad and Jim Orgill went to Soldier Creek in Strawberry to work in the timber at Thackers saw Mill.

In the late summer of 1935 the mines in Park City began to hire the old hands first so I hitched rides a few times before winter set in and was told I would have no chance till spring. So I took a correspondence course for a railway Postal Clerk and went to Salt Lake City to take the examination test which I passed and then had to wait for an opening.

The spring of 1936 I hitched rides to Park City twice a week to Russell the mines there back to the Park Utah, and the Mayflower with no success of finding a job. I got all the walking I needed as we did not have a car. My cousin Albert Price worked at the Judge Mine before the mine closed so he was first to go back and the one hiring said nothing today pretty easy. The superintendent was going to be gone for a week and the foreman a good friend of Albert said he would put me on if I would tell him who I was. This I did and got the job and a ride to work with Albert.

Mom and I were very happy and excited because this was the first steady job in our married life. On the \$4.00 per day we could pay our bills and buy some furniture on the installment plan before we could buy a car.

Maxine was born 1 Oct. 1936 in the Heber Hospital at 12:15 P.M. Dr. T.A. Danenberg was Dr. for both girls. Mom had uremic poison real bad as the Dr. says no more children if I wanted Mom around. Before Maxine was born some few months I had a chance to be a substitute Railroad clerk so we went to Ogden to check it out. The environment was not good, the wages low, rent too high, so we decided I had better stay at the mine and live among those we know.

A mine union had been organized in Park City and was meeting with the mine owners asking for higher pay and better working conditions. After several negotiations and no settlement, a strike was called and the mines were closed. How unhappy we were but in two months we received what was asked and back to work in time for Christmas.

Social Security withholding tax and unemployment was started. Many were younger fast because they had said they were older to get a job and had to tell their right age to get benefits.

I had a job in the Sunday School, M.I.A., Priesthood, Ward and Home teaching.

In 1937 a salesman representing a refrigeration and air conditioning Institute of 2150 Lawrence Ave. Chicago Ill. talked me into taking a correspondence course which included a trip and a place to live for two weeks while at the lab. In Chicago which completed the course.

Shortly after we rented the east half of Lester and Lavon Jones home two houses to the west on the north side of the road. We had no bath room or water in the half but only \$7.50 a month. The hydrant was close, a lot closer than the spring at Dads and it was not as far to church. We still didn't have a car, Albert and Melba lived across the fence east of us, I was still working at the mines and riding with Albert.

Because of the low cost of metal the mines closed again the fall of 1937. I was lucky and got a job with W.W. Clyde on a road they were rebuilding out in Deer Creek to Currant Creek. It was to be made wider and straighter. I was the one clearing the right of way and getting and belting sections of galvanized culverts together to carry the creek water under the road.

The wage here was \$4.75 a day and 75¢ a day for board and room in boarded up tents with a big pot bellied stove burning coal and wood for heat. We had bonfires going on the job to get warm. occasionally and keep our gloves dry, we ate sack lunches when we were too far from the cook shack. I'll never forget the slick bottom goose berry pie we always had.

We worked till Thanksgiving and the job was shut down till spring because of so much snow. I spent the winter studying my refrigeration course and enjoying my first unemployment check.

14

In the spring 1938 I went back on the road job with Dean Murdock and Finn James the assistant cook. I took off three weeks in July from work and went to Chicago to work on refrigerating and air condition units in the shop to finish my course. It took three days and two nights to get there on the Greyhound bus as it stops so many places on the way. I took the elevated railway to the school. They gave me instructions about shop classes and one instructor took me to an elderly widows house Mrs Maraheltg and she took me upstairs to a room where I met my room mate Byard Bird from Salina Utah. He was a nice fellow The time went by. I and My partner. I was assigned to work with Ray Razula a Catholic from Chicago. We overhauled a refrigerator and figured out the air conditioning for a home. (BTUS) needed. There were eleven other pairs doing the same work we were doing in this shop. The last day they took picture of the group and gave us a chance to stay and work for another month for more experience for 75¢ a hour. I quickly said no as I was very home sick for my wife and children. I had not been away from home more than five nights plus from a dream I had that my wife was having problems, When I arrived home my wife had pneumonia. I was glad to get home and back to work again. I vowed I would never leave home again. My diploma came in the mail two weeks later. I couldn't find a job in refrigeration, so was satisfied to be close to home.

In the fall of 1938 the mines opened up and I went to work there as it was a steady job. The next spring we had saved enough money to buy lumber and other materials to build a two room 14ft. X 30ft. house at the cost of \$325.00. Dad sold us $\frac{1}{4}$ acre to build on. For a month I walked $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to work on it and back in time to get ready to go to work on night shift. I dug the footings and a fruit cellar with a pick and shovel. I also mixed the concrete and placed it by hand. The concrete in the forms and the west wall for the cellar., with a small window opening.

It was in June 1939 that we purchased our first car from Les and Kenneth Mitchie, Who had Nash auto agency in Heber. It was a 1930 Model A Sedan with an upright trunk on the back and a spare tire and wheel on the back of it. We were very happy as no more long walks.

I had helped a little on building a home or two. I helped Dad and Les tear down the south part of the old red brick house before it fell down and get one started on the north west end of his property and get it closed in for the winter so Dad and mother and the ones home could get by until we could get the rest of the old house torn down and to get material to finish it. Les and I were working close around so helped after our shift work. Alvin was in California. Les and Dad built the chimneys and plaster the walls and ceilings and walls In 1937 & 1938. Alvin came home he didn't like the carpenter work there; he gave me a level, two saws, a square and a plane which helped me very much. Building my own house, Clifford McDonald made the door and window frames for me and helped install them. I helped him in return on a house in Provo. I wired the house with electric lights and put Celotex Lath on the walls and ceilings. Dad and Les built the chimney and plastered for me. They and others helped us move into our new home in Sept. 1939. We had no water so we had to pack it from the spring and wash water from the ditch and we had outdoor toilets. Our refrigerator was a box fastened to the side of the ditch across the road so the water could run through to cool the milk and butter and ect. It had a wet gunny sack over the lid.

In Oct. 11 1939 I was released from M.I.A. and put in 1st counselor of the Sunday School to Supt. Horton Thacker, Doyle Carter was 2nd Counselor.

In 1940 we traded the model A on a 1940 nearly new Nash Lafayette at Les and Kens. It was a six cylinder and cost \$1,150.00, so much a month. It was the easiest driving and best riding car we ever had.

At this time I decided we could pay a full thithing. I thought we couldn't afford to pay all we owed. We had to charge gas and groceries from payday to the next. After this we never had to charge anymore, And not to many things on the installment plan.

We were mor active in the church and would take four or five people with us and go to the Temple in Salt Lake When I worked night shift at the Judge mines. We did two or three endowment a day. I would catch my ride with Albert at the Park City turn off to go to work.

In 1941 in the summer the Billy Bethers Spring Culinary Water Co. decided to place a concrete head house over the spring so would be more sanitary and for storage. A separate pipe was put in so Dad and Les who got married and built two room house between Dad and us could pipe the water to our places. We just had the hydrant a few feet from the back door and carried the water from there which seemed like heaven to have it so close. Dad had a bath room and water in the kitchen sink and enough pressure to take care of them. Les and Mable moved their home to Heber when we added on to our two rooms we got a water pump to pump the water in the house and to the water tank attached to the cook stove.

In April 1941. The Wasatch Patriarch William Daybell gave me a blessing which gave me an incite to some of my future life. I was still working in the mines. I did about everything but boss so run the electric hoist, as far as I was concerned, minning was the only steady job in the area until Steel Plant building was to be started. About a month later on Dec. 7th 1941 Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese, War was declared, so I decided to stay at the mine. Until the steel plant started in the spring.

Well and happy and still sad Christmas came and went happy for the Saviors Birth and Santa Claus but sad for the loved ones at war as many lost their lives and many still to go.

On April 8th 1942 Marva was baptised in the seminary building by Russel Huntington, I confirmed her a member of the church the same day.

In 1942 when spring came, I heard there was work in Salt Lake and Provo, So I quit and went job hunting, But I soon found out I quit to soon by about three weeks so I went to the Park Utah mines Keetley and Harry Wallace gave me a job the first time I asked, But I was in the hottest place in the mine, We worked seven days a week and only had five hours between changing from night to day shift. I worked in a well timbered stope for a while, Then they put me in a hanging wall about 450 I was afraid to work there, but they said it was safe, later put me in a drift. Elvin Glines was my partner. It didn't look like they would work this place long and I would have to go back where I was afraid of so I Quit and went to the steel plant and be out in good air. Soon after I left Neal Gordon was caved on and lost use of his legs and was on crutches the rest of his life. Had I not quit when I did it could of been me.

In June 1942 I took the wife and daughters with me to Provo to the Carpenters Local Union 1498 where Spencer Madsen the Business Agent of the Union took \$10.00 As the first payment of the dues with a promise to pay \$10.00 each week until \$65.00 was paid and gave me a ticket to foreman Bruce Haws on swing shift for Morris Con. Co. to work for \$125 per hour. What a raise in pay. This building furniture for the dorms for the many steel plant Construction workers who came from many miles away. I worked in the shop for six weeks until the rush was over then I was transferred to the intake tunnels which brought water from the Utah lake for steel plant use for cooling and ect. I worked here several months.

On 23rd April 1942 Deana was born. This was about five weeks short of the six years. Dr. T.A. Dannenberg had suggested before we had another baby, Because of mothers condition and health. About one year before Deanas birth, Charlie Shelton told us of a woman who had the same problem and had taken tea made from Buccu leaves and had no more problems. So mom took some all the time before Deana was born and had no more problems. She told the Dr. and he just Laughed. She did the same thing with each of the other three and did ok. I blessed Deana 11 Oct 1942. She was born with a cyst on her tongue. It was a small bubble of fluid that filled her mouth. The Dr. lanced it everyday while in the hospital for ten days. It just kept filling everyday so when she was six week old they operated and cut the effected part out and stitched the tounge together but it wouldn't hold, so she went with a piece as big as a dime out of the end of her tongue until the summer befor she started school than had it re stitched and it held

In 1943 Dad and mother moved to Heber and sold the house to Elden Price for Aunt Sarah to live in. When Erma graduated from High School they moved to Salt Lake for the rest of their life.

I baptised Maxine Oct. 8 1944 The only one I did and the only one I did not bless. I confirmed all of my children.

Oct. 29th 1944 I was set apart as one of the seven Presidents of the 96th Quorum of Seventy by Samuel O. Benion. I was acting Sec. for two years and had four ward assignments. The wife was counselor in the Realif Society and Sec. in the M.I.A. for a number of years. Also visiting teacher.

On the 26th of May 1945 Linda was born, We were very happy but were looking for a boy. We would not rade one of our girls for the best boy in the world. I blessed her 24th of June 1945.

I was still in the mines in the winter of 1945 & 46. My brothers Les, Alvin, Howard, and Ned and many friends were home from the war. Howard and Ned both went on missions before they were married. World War 2 was over. I quit the mines and went back to work as a Carpenter again for Pacific Bridge Construction Co. who was building a large mill at the salt flats No. east of Park city on the old highway 40 towards Heber, to reclaim zink, gold, ect. that couldn't be processed in earlier years.

In the fall mom and I went to Sugar House to look for a lot to build on so I would be closer to where more work was near, We found one on the 18th South and 12th East close to church and school and payed a down payment on it. In the mean time we noticed water seeping in the half dug basement on the lot, causing a problem and a mosquito problem so I had to go shovel a lot of dirt in it. This made us start hating the place more everytime we went down, So we sold it back to the Real Esate Co. we bought it from.

The 1st. of December 1946 the mill work was finished so I took unemployment until spring. When I asked Al Chapman for a job saying (the tougher the better) and I got it. He was a contractor starting to build a round head house for the Daniel Culinary Water Co. a few feet from the square one they had for years. We took turns the six of us shoveling sand, gravel and cement into wheel barrows to get it up the steep runway, besides picking and shoveling for the base iron work, I never asked for a tougher the better job again.

Wasn't long until Pres. Cummings and Nephi Probst and Welby Young called me in and said they heard I was planning to move away and would like to know if we would stay here if they helped me get a start in Construction or anything as they didn't want us to move as we were doing so much the church. I told them that we had sold the place back and would never move away. I thanked them for their concern, and said I could get a car pool when to far from a job and we would do well.

On Monday 23rd June 1947 I was still working on the water tank and took the afternoon off to be with mom when Dale was born at 2:30 P.M. Our first son which we were so happy to have Al Chapman paid me for that afternoon. I blessed Dale 3 Aug. 1947.

June 25th 1947 Pres. Probst set me apart as a Stake Missionary, Ralph Thacker was my

companion. I liked him very much and we visited part member families two nights a week for the next six months I was a missionary, no one joined the church from our efforts during that time but later.

I was released from M.I.A. Supt. but still had four other jobs in the church. I really enjoyed all of them.

The school consolidation was under way and we could do nothing to keep Daniel children from being moved to Charleston in the fall of 1947. This made it possible for Bp. F. Preston McGuire to, along with his counselors to get the school house for our children started. It was crowded but nice to be able to have church in a building with inside rest rooms and a drinking fountain. We still played basket ball in the old hall along with parties and dances. In Dec Bp. McGuire with permission from the authorities to build a stage by taking the east wall and clock room out. For small plays and Programs and for conducting meetings and music. He also wanted it ready for Stake Conference to be on the 4th Jan. 1948.

Just before Pres Cummings had me meet with the Stake Presidency where I was asked to be Bp. of the Daniel Ward. I told them to let me think about it for a few days, and talk to my wife and pray about it and I'll get back with them. It seemed everyone knew that I would be the next Bishop before I did. I met with them and said I knew too much to say no when asked to do any thing in the church. I chose James Orgill as first counselor and Horton Thacker as second counselor Grant Casper as Ward Clerk.



January 4th 1948 at Ward Conference Bp. F.P. McGuire, His counselor Earl Jacklin and Leonard Bethers who had been in for 12 years and ward clerk John H. Carlen for 45 years were released and we were sustained. Feb. 1st one month later I was ordained a high Priest and Bishop and set apart as Bp. by Joseph F. Merrill of the council of the twelve, James W. Orgill was set apart as first coun. and Horton was ordained a High Priest and set apart as 2nd Coun. Grant Casper was set apart as ward clerk. We started with great responsibilities. The 20 acre welfare farm had to be paid for Building started, and help to run the farm.

Jan 30th 1949 Vaun was born on a Sunday at 6:45 P.M., I blessed him the 27th Mar. 1949. We were as happy as we were with the others.

In 1950 we received permission to sell the 20 acre farm to Alvie Zufelt and buy nine acres next to the north west corner of the church from James W. Orgill.

The church Bldg. Committee would not let us build a new church house, Just a few recreation hall, three class rooms, and a basement for the furnace and coal, a stage, remodel the old part for a kitchen, Chapel, Bps office, R. Society room on level and rest rooms. Scout room and two class rooms in the old basement. We set up the building fund \$250.00 cash and \$250.00 labor per family. Jan 1951 James W. Orgill asked to be released because of health problems, Horton Thacker became 1st Coun. and Elmo Clegg as 2nd coun. We also got permission to tear down the old Hall and use material saved to help build. I went to dugway with Afton Thacker to work for the summer. I had Bp. McGuire take care of tearing down the hall and Horton to care for the Ward. I was home on Sundays.

Mom's Dad died after a brain tumor operation Aug 21, 1951, Lottie wanted me to stay with the family at the funeral so Horton did well conducting. Chas Remund was a good man. A good father an Father-in-law.

Marva married William H. Farrell Mar. 31 1953 in the Logan Temple and had their reception in the newly plastered recreation hall. A few months later Glade Casper funeral was first in the bldg. before it was finished.

Maxine was married at our home to Ray Kummer by me. April 16th 1954 followed with a reception at the recreation hall.

One of the first William Samuel Bethers reunion was held at Lodge Pole Camp near the head of Daniels Canyon. In 1956 under the direction of Grant Bethers and was organized by him

Aug. 18th 1956 at the same place with Leonard Bethers Pres. Leslie Bethers Vice Pres. and Millie Gurr Sec. and Treasure. Research Committee Leroy and Rozena Oaks and Ned Bethers and Grant Bethers Chairman. In not to many years after some good reunions that no one came but Father and Mothers Family. So we have the Albert Bethers Family Reunion every year now.

Our first grandchild Gary Ray Kummer was born Jan 22 1955 in Heber Utah.

Our second grandchild William Dean Farrell was born Feb 19 1955 in Fort Benning Georgia where Bill was in the army.

I worked all winter six days a week on the David O McKay Bldg. at the B.Y.U. so we decided we could afford a trip so we took a week off and went to the Dedication of the Los Angeles Temple. Mar. 13 1956 by Pres. David O. McKay. We left Dale with Maxine and Ray in Kerns and Vaun with Marva in Salt Lake and took Deana and Linda and Mother with us. Dad would have liked to go but thought it would be too crowded in the small 1950 Ford four door. We stayed the first night in Boulder City, Nevada and toured the Boulder Dam the next morning before going on our way. We visited Leo and Erma at Victorville California and spent the second night with Alvin and Dorthy in San Berardino. The next morning we went to the dedication. Linda and I stayed with Aunt Hattie and Lavell, and Lavell fell in love with her right away. Mother and Deana stayed with Aunt Ruia. Mother stayed with Aunt Hattie while we went along the coast to Long Beach and visited Aunt Emma and Elila and Bessie had us go stay with them one night and let us pick a large lemon off there tree, and we carried it home with us. We visited Knots Berry Farm and met a group from the stake there and it was fun to see them. We left for Mesa Ariz. where we stayed in a cold motel and Mother stayed at Aunt May and other relatives there.

We left the girls on the temple grounds while we went on a session at the temple. When we came out a note on the car said they were with Zelma, she came and got them. We headed for home after one week tired but happy after the good time we had.

20th of April 1956 Brent Kummer was born to Maxine and Ray.

After five years of building July 8th 1956 and we got the money, The new church was dedicated.



1956 Church House E. near B.Y.U. Building

The church was dedicated by Elder Mark E. Peterson of the council of the twelve. It was a happy day for all concerned.

Paul Gordon Farrell was born 15 June 1957 to Marva and Bill Farrell.

Randy Dale Kummer was born 24th Nov. 1957 to Ray and Maxine.

After 10 years and 7 months as Bishop I with my Counselors and clerk Cecil Stanley were released Aug. 10 1958 by Pres. H. Clay Cummings and Grant Casper, Dean Hector, & Blaine Smith were sustained.

The 26th of July 1959 Dads and Mothers Golden Wedding anniversary was held at a open house of the Pioneer Stake in Salt Lake City.

Oct. 19, 1959 Susan Farrell was born to Marva and Bill.

I was explorer Scout leader from 1958 to 1962 When I became ass. Scout Master and Stanley Walton Scout Master. I said yes if I didn't have to go camping. But ended up taking the boys on the Timp hike that was a anual affair. Deana and Linda went with us to.

June 5th 1961 Bruce Farrell was born to Marva and Bill.

July 20th 1961 Jeffery Kummer was born to Maxine and Ray.

November 4 1962 My sister Effie who had married twice since Ellis died in 1954 passed away after Heart surgery.

Deana went on a mission to Chile 1963 to 1965.

The 20th of March 1964 Burton and Barton Farrell were born to Marva and Bill.

Joy Maxine Kummer was born 21 of Aug 1964 to Ray and Maxine.

Dec. 5 1965 Dr. Sontag removed a cataract from my right eye at Holy Cross Hospital.
Lynette Farrell died during birth 8 July 1966 to Marva and Bill

I was put in as teacher of the senior Aronic Priesthood when I suggested to Bp. Casper we should have that class. Some of the good leaders was the results 1966-1970.

Dale and Vaun were on the all state football team, Both enjoyed football in their High School 1966.

Dale went on a mission to the central States in Sept. 1966. And while he was gone Vaun and Linda got married. Dale came home in Oct. 1968 At midnight. Whistled at his horse and it came running to him. The horse knew his whistle after two years.

Dale and Vaun were both Eagle Scouts.

Linda graduated from B.Y.U 26 May 1966 and taught school in Springville one year. She got married 26th Jan 1967 to Stephen Lyn Adams in the Salt Lake Temple by Spencer W. Kimball.

Vaun married Gay Whitt 17 Nov. 1967. In the Salt Lake Temple by Gaylen Young.

Deana married Richard Rex Leckie 26 Jan 1968 in the Salt Lake Temple by Spencer W. Kimball.

Jay Dennis Adams born 8 Sept 1968 in Provo Utah to Stephen and Linda Adams.

Richard Kent Leckie born 13 Nov. 1968 in Provo Utah to Richard and Deana Leckie.

Dale married Carol Miller 5 June 1969 in the Salt Lake Temple by Marion G. Romney.

From Jan 1970 until the 13 of Sept. I was excutive Sec. to Bp. Casper and then to Bp. John Anderson until Sept. 1973, Then I was High Priest Group leader.

William Scott Leckie was born 9 Feb 1970 to Richard and Dena Leckie.

Jill Lucille Adams was born 28 Feb 1970 to Stephens and Linda Adams. *William Scott Leckie 26 Dec 1971*

Pamela Gay Bethers was born 6 June 1970 to Vaun and Gay Bethers. While working on first Condominum in Park City Just befor Labor day I got a detach retina in my right eye and Dr. Recoff fixed it at University Hospital 8 Sept 1971.

Steve, Linda, Jay and Jill were living in Menomonie Wisconsin 1971-1972 where Steve was getting his Masters Degree in Grafic Arts. They were expecting their third child, Linda had to have her mother there. Because of road hazzards we had to take our first plane ride 21 Jan 1972 Lori wasn't born until 4 Feb 1972. She was blessed in Eclair ward 30 miles away Feb 27 1972.

Monique Bethers was born 5 Feb 1972 in Lapaz Bolivia and sealed to Dale and Carol Bethers. Aug 6 1972 I was 62 years old so I took early retirement after taking compensation and unemployment for a year.

Cindy Leckie was born 12 Sept 1972 in Helena Montana to Richard and Dena Leckie.

Kevin Charles Bethers was born 28 Apr 1973 in Bountiful Utah to Vaun and Gay Bethers.

Mellisa Bethers was born and died 10 May 1973 to Dale and Carol Bethers. In Provo Utah

On the 17 Sept. 1973 We went to get a new recommend and Bp. Anderson asked us to go on a mission. We told him we couldn't go until mom got her Social Security. He said they needed more couple missionaries, so we decided to go. In a few weeks the call came, When I came in with the mail I held the letter up and told mom I know we are going to Canada but hoped it was the Western part where it would be warmer, But it was the Eastern part. The Ontario Mission with head quarters at Brampton and we were to enter the mission home in Salt Lake City 8 Dec 1973. We were to take our car and cooking utensils, bedding and ect.

In the middle of Oct. Linda who was six month pregnant got in a auto accident and hurt her back real bad, She had to lay flat on her back for 6 weeks and mom had to go stay with her.

In the meantime I got the car fixed up and ready to go, and the house prepared to leave, We packed the car and left home Dec 7 1973 went to Bountiful and spent the night with Vaun and Gay and Kids.

Went to the Mission Home for four days training, They let us come home to spend the night with Maxine and Ray and all the family came to bid us adew, We left early the next morning and spent the night Sidney Nebraska, Friday night in Council Bluff Iowa. Sat night we got to Chicage Heights and spent Sunday there and went to church at the ward Lee Bethers attended while on a Mission in that area. They told us not to travel on Sunday. We had good weather until then but it snowed about two feet. Monday we went on our way and made it into Canada and spent the night at windsor... The 19th we made it to Ontario Mission Home and met with the mission pres. Roy Spakman at Brampton. He gave us the telephone number of the Branch Pres. in Berrie, Robert Addy who would tell us where to stay that night. We arrived in Barrie adn it was very cold as I called to see where we where to stay until we could find a place to live. We were disapointed as we understood there would be a place for us. The young Elders Ronald Williams from Spanish Fork and Elder Brent Larsen of Ogden helped us find a place the next day, Twelve miles out of town which made a lot of traveling. Our prayers were answered as we found a nice apartment with the help of a real estate Sister of the Branch. We rented from Wallace and Myrle Cockburn. Myles mother lived with them. They were very nice people even though they each belonged to a different Church. We could not get them to join the L.D.S. Church But they did join us for family home evening with us several times. They were so good to us we grew to love them very dearly. We went into Barrie, Every day sometimes tracting at the farmers on the way, We got a list of the inactive members and searched them out to visit. Pres. Addy gave us the key to the church so we could have acesess to the phone and rest rooms, Which they called wash rooms.

Bro and Sister Louis Campagnola were great people and had us to there home for christmas dinner as well as many Sundays. As well as the young Elders. He was Mission Director.

We were all saddened when we heard of the death of Pres. Harold B. Lee. But happy to have President Spencer W. Kimball our new Pres.

The missionaries of the district held a Christmas party at Owen Sound, So we took two Elders from Barrie and two from Orillia Branch and went 80 miles to Owen Sound. The church was a three story building where we attended Sac. Meeting in a large room on the ground floor. The Elders lived on the top floor and gave us their beds that night. The Elders slept on the floors.

After Sacrament Meeting The Young Woman Presidency of the Branch took us in her Van and the others in cars out through the snow It was very cold place to go caroling and we left a Book of Mormon with each of the propective members homes. Than she took us to her home for hot chocolate and cheese and crackers and nuts and candy. We thanked her we had a very nice time. The next morning we held a meeting and sang Christmas songs. Elder Philip cooked a goose and we each took something for the dinner. After a good meal we went back to our apartment. Being Christmas eve we were invited out some ten miles to Pres. Addys for a program and treats.

The people of the Branch donated Books of Morman and Mom and I had to present them to 37 different church leaders, Business places, managers, Bankers and ect. Most all excepted them.

We were kept busy. We didn't tract to far away as Pres. Spackman said it was unfair to some people who couldn't travel so far to Church so they would be better off to recive the gospel in the Spirit World. The people in Barrie were no interested in the Mormons, They were satesfied with their own religion and that was enough. The Elders had one convert while we were there and I baptized three children of an inactive mother that we had activated. Their father was a non member whoes mother was a Jehovas Witness, But he was fellowshipped by Pres. Addy and other members but to no avail. Jenifer, and Sandra were the girls and Eric was the boy. Baptized 27 Feb 1974.

Ronald Joe Leckie was born 27 Feb 1974 in Billings Montana to Richard and Deana Leckie.

The second of June Pres. Spackman had me sustained first coun. to Pres. Addy to help him be more sociable Pres. and he did. He learned to shake hands and smile and talk to people instead of going strait to his offices.

We finally moved into Barrie fro two months than transfered to Simcoe Branch just north of Lake Erie. To take the place of Brother and Sister Freeman Dye who had been released to go to their home in Neola Utah, For a hernia operation.

We helped the Branch very much and enjoyed the people too. Mar 8 1974 Pres Spackman was released and Russell M. Ballard was our new Pres. who sent us to Simcoe. We had no baptism but found inactive members who had lost contact with the church. We took an elderly Sister Lane and went to Fort Dover and other places to do home teaching and R. Socity teaching which we sure enjoyed. 25 miles one way and 40 miles the other way.

Two Stakes were made in Heber on the 16 of June 1974. Pres Robert Clyde with James Smedley and Richard Klein as counslors in the Heber East Stake and Reed Ford Pres and Wayne Thacker and Kyle Probst as counslors in the Heber Stake.

We were doing well during Aug but my left eye was covered by a cataract and my vision kept getting worse. So we went on for a while and decided to write Dr. Sontag. He wrote back and said I had better come home and get it removed the cataract that was. We told Pres Ballard so we were released from our mission earlier than we expected 18 Sept. 1974. We came home by the way through Billings Montana so we could stop and see Deana with the presidents permission and visited a week with them. We enjoyed our mission although I did get awful home sick at times. We arrived home 29 of Sept. 1974 and soon had the house back in order and live able. We had a fine welcome in Sacrament meeting. Bp. Anderson had us busy in the church again.

Dr. Sontag operated on my left eye to remove the cataract Dec 5 1974 and I was soon able to see well enough to drive a car again as mom nearly drove all the time after we got back from Canada, Until I was able to drive again in fair weather

June 5 1974 Amy Lynette Adams was born to Stephen and Linda Adams.

I was Ward Teachers Develpoment Director 23 Feb to Nov 1 1975. I had sister Stella Holman and Bp. Anderson signn it. When Bp. was released and BP. James Richie was made Bp. He replaced me and I was assistant first to Val Ellis High Priest Group leader and Harry was 2nd assist. From Jan 6 1975 to June 1976. I was over the home teaching which I really liked, Val was so easy to work with. I had other responsibilities and enjoyed being in the service of the Lord, and our fellow beings which made my testimony continue to grow and so did moms.

We had several more grandchildren some legally adopted ones along with blood relations but all were sealed to their parents. July 16 1975 Daniel Dale Bethers born to Dale and Carol.

Oct 23 1975 Jennifer Dawn was born to Stephen and Linda Adams In Provo Utah.

Oct 25 1975 David Ryan was born to Vaun and Gay Bethers. In Bountiful Utah.

June 11 1976 Carla Leckie was born to Richard and Deana Leckie. In Worland, Washakie Co. Wyo.

Oct 16 1976 Nicole was born in Old Mexico, Carol went and got her when she was 10 days old and adopted her.

Randy Kummer went on his mission to Scotland Nov 25 1976 to Dec 17 1978.

Feb 4 1977 Natalie was born in Salt Lake to Dale and Carol Bethers.

June 13 1977 Vickie Leckie was born in Casper Natrona co wyo to Richard and Deana Leckie.

June 16 1977 The new Heber East Stake was finished at the corner of Millroad and Center Creek road and the Daniel and Center Ward people moved into it. It was a very nice building but it was hard for the people to give up the old ones

Dec 15 1977 I was operated on for prostrate problems in Provo Hosp by Dr. Davis.

Dec 22 1977 Kristy Kay Adams was born In Provo Utah Co Utah to Stephen and Linda Adams.
 Sept 30 1967 Miguel born in Guatamia came to Dale and Carol Summer of 1979. 12 yrs. old
 June 19 1978 Douglas and Darrel born in Guatemala, Carol went for them twins 1 yr old 1979.
 Darrell had an enlarged heart and had pneumonia. She had him administered to and stayed
 and cared for them for two weeks and brought them home, They and Miguel were adopted and sealed.

1978 Bp. Ritchie and family moved to California so he was released and Neil Duke was our
 new Bp. with Larry Ward and Phil Thacker as counselors.

June 12 1979 We started to work at the Temple in Provo, We were called out and set apart
 June 7th. By the first coun. Harold Holly. We worked Tuesday and Wen. on the third shift. For
 eight years. Mom was director the last two years and I was set apart to work on either side of
 the veil.

Dec 4 1979 I had a double hernia taken care of at the Provo Valley Hosp. One came out in the
 spring and I've worn an appliance ever since.

Dec 22 1979 Wendy Les Adams was born in Utah Valley Hosp in Provo to Stephen and Linda.
 Jan 30 1980 James Daron Bethers was born at University Hosp. Salt Lake to Dale and Carol.
 Oct 18 1980 Dale Rex Leckie was born in Billings Yellowstone Co. Montana to Dick & Deana
 Oct 2 1981 Asha Treggor born in Calcuta India and Dale and Carol Adopted her.
 Feb 20 1982 Elizabeth Leckie was born in Billings Yellowstone Co. Montana to Dick & Deana
 Apr. 14 1982 Eric Golden Adams was born in Orem Community Hosp. Orem Utah to Stephen and Linda.

May 23 1982 The Millroad was organized with Kenneth Horner as Bishop and Richard Murdock
 and Larry Knight were his counselors. I was high Priest group leader until Dec 4 1984.

July 12 1983 was our 50th Wedding Anniversary, Our children arranged an Open House Party
 for us. July 15 1983 Held in the church house. We had a family dinner at 5:00 P.M followed by
 a reception at 7, We had a large crowd and everyone had a good time.

Sept 15 1984 Cameron Romney was born in University Hosp. Salt Lake to Dale and Carol.
 Dec 21 1984 Rachelle Leckie was born in Billings Yellowstone Co. Montana to Dick & Deana.

Jan 30 1983 to 85 Barton B. Farrell went on a mission to Thailand, Bangkok mission.

Aug 8 1985 Brandon Jonathan was born in Salt Lake City Utah and Adopted by Dale and Carol.

April 13 1986 Vaun became Bishop of 25th Ward Logan Utah. Mount Logan Stake.

Sept 21 1986 Dale became Bishop of the Daniel Ward, Heber East Stake.

Nov 5 1986 Miguel Dean Bethers went on a mission to Gutamala where he was born to 1988.

Feb 3 1987 Mom fell and broke her left arm on a slant break just below the shoulder to
 the elbow and was in the hospital three days.

Feb 8 1987 I wrecked the Chev. going to church and was not able to go anywhere for a week
 or better, Maxine and Eugene kept us down there and waited on us. I had a blood clot in my
 left leg and bruised my ribs.

Moms arm wasn't set right so Dr. McDonald sent her to a bone specialist in Salt Lake a Dr.
 Swensen, She went several times to check it to see if it was healing ok. She had to sit in a
 chair to sleep for 6 months. We went back to work in the temple April 28 until we were released
 June 18 1987. Moms arm still hurt and back are bad. We still go do endowments once a week
 usually 3 a day.

Sept 21 1987 Jay Adams went on a mission to Australia until last of Aug 1989

Dec 2 1987 Richard Kent Leckie went on a mission to Japan The Kobe Japan mission.

Oct 8 1988 Clint Mathew Bethers was born at University Hosp. Salt Lake City Ut. to Dale
 & Carol.

Sept. 1988 #3 of Our grandchildren started to College Jill at Rexburg Idaho. Pamela
 Bethers in Logan Utah. And Scott Leckie at B.Y.U.

We are both still busy in the church, I am happy that I could help several others
 at the right time to help them get back in the church. Just sorry I could't of helped
 more. I pray I will be forgiven by our Heavenly Father and those I have offended in anyway.

LOVE DEAN

OUR GREATGRAND CHILDREN

William Ian Farrell 22 June 1977
 Gary Ray (J.R.) Kummer 31 Dec 1977
 Jason Brent Kummer 18 Apr 1978
 Bridger Dean Kummer 3 May 1979
 Angela Deanne Kummer 26 Jan 1980
 Caitlin Marie Farrell 15 Aug 1980
 Dallas Randy Kummer 20 Mar 1981
 Lawrence Boon Kummer 29 June 1981
 Megan Kummer 9 Feb 1982 Died 9 Feb 1982
 Jarid Lynn Kummer 16 Apr 1982
 Justin Paul Farrell 27 July 1982
 Jennifer Lynne Farrell 9 Aug 1982
 Crystal Kummer 29 Dec 1983 Died 29 Dec 1983
 Nathan Gary Kummer 31 Aug 1984

Kolbey Dennis Casper 19 Jan 1985
 Kimberly Kummer 4 May 1985
 Kade Joseph Farrell 28 Apr 1986
 Tyler Kummer 30 May 1986
 Kameron Peter Farrell 6 Aug 1986
 Cameron Kummer 26 Nov 1986
 Weston Brian Welsh 4 May 1987
 Trevor Dale Kummer 10 June 1987
 Shanda (Bruces girl) 1 July 1976
 Derek Golden Welch 23 Mar 1989

Rachelle Dean Kummer - 1984

Dad always worked hard to make sure we were taken care of and had the things we needed.

He was always a real tease. He used to take Maxine and me up the Memorial Hill in Midway when we were kids, and he'd drive as close to the edge of the road as he could just to hear us scream. I still don't like going up the Memorial Hill unless I'm driving, and I drive very close to the hill! He had another hill he liked to take us on. This was on a road in Park City that went almost straight up and I was sure we were going to drop off at the top. I just knew there wouldn't be a road down the other side.

When there were only Maxine and me and Dad went to Chicago to a school on refrigeration and air conditioning. He sent us each a post card. I still have mine.

I remember how hard and long he worked on our new home up by grandma and grandpa's. It was so neat to have a new two room house.

He used to take my friends and me to Ball games, rodeos and other events when we were in Jr. High and High school before anyone of us got our drivers licenses. We all loved that

I think the words of this song describe dad pretty well.

DADDY'S HANDS

I remember Daddy's hands folded silently in prayer- and reaching out to hold me when I had a night mare.

You could read quite a story in the callouses and lines years of work and worry had left there mark behind

I remember daddy's hands how they held my momma tight and patted my back for something done right

there are things that I've forgotten that I loved about the man but I'll always remember the love in Daddy's hands.

I remember Daddy's hands working till they bled- sacrificed unselfishly just to keep us all fed.

If I could do things over I'd live my life again and never take for granted the love in Daddy's hands.

Daddy's hands were soft and kind when I was crying

Daddy's hands were hard as steel when I'd done wrong

Daddy's hands weren't always gentle But I've come to understand

There was always love in Daddy's hands

MARVA



MY DAD (WHO WALKS THE LINE AT 79)

I love and admire my dear dad,
the greatest pal a gal ever had.
I idolize him even though.
at times he knocked me to and fro
for things I didn't do just right
or when we would argue or fight
To " Daddy " and "Daughters" dates he would me take
OH! would he ever put down the cake.
When in my teens a big help was he.
He then was a Bishop, Fit him to a "T"
He didn't stop caring and away we'd fly
From Y.W.M.I.A. to town, a sundae to buy
To shows and parties, weddings and such
Grandma complained because he had fun too much
I thought he was "Special". and Laugh did I
We laughed and laughed until we'd cry
To ballgames tornaments, whatever the case,
He'd take Marva and her friends and there'd be my face
I remember him reading to us at night
the bible stories, then he'd turn out the lights
He always taught us to take time to pray
to live the gospel, he showed us the way
he's always help with our home workand goals
and take us to church to save our soals.
For an English assignment, Dad and I wrote
A christmas poem I thought was a joke
I won first place, and was I proud
Dad's wit would beat almost any old crowd
What a personality, he could really put on a show
He would even would dress up and Halloween'in he'd go
He's never stopped even till this day
with grandkids and great-grandkids he'll get down and play
Happiness he brought to everyone
God gave him some back when he gave him his sons
When Marva got married and moved away
I decided to follow, so I married Ray.
Dad did the honours and was I ever Proud
The family was to I remember the crowd.
I moved to kearns for several years
I missed Mom and Dad, I remember the tears
I looked forward to the day to move back you see,
Where the folks could help out with my family.
We watched Dad work and carry his load
You'd never believe all the seeds that he sowed
To church he took members through his life
Shoveled their paths and helped with their strife
He blessed the sick, gave to the poor
You'd think I was bragging if I told you much more
I couldn't begin to list all the good that he's done
I just know that his parents are proud of their son.
Our family could burst all their buttons you bet
For the things that he's done and he's not finished yet
He still hangs the laundry and shovels the snow
Plants up a garden and he never gets slow
Spends time at the temple, and studies so much
Don't want to give up, wants to keep in touch.
With loved ones around him, he wants to stay here.
to help all he can and to bring all good cheer.
I'm sure God will wait and leave him right here,
to spend time with us and take care of you " Mother Dear"

LOVE MAXINE

MAXINES FAMILY



To my Dearest Grandfather;

From Joy

If someone were to ask me to describe my grandfather I would tell them he's the best God ever made.

A man tall as the mountains and as strong as the ox. he would lend time to others without any thought. though weary, tired from the hot sun, he would go on until his work was done. threw every minute of the day. What more could be accomplish, what more could he say. Great words of wisdom he would often speak, his goals to help others especially the weak. Thoughtful, honest, so loving is he.

As his Granddaughter I'm so lucky to be..

Grandfather you are as great as gold with a heart to match.

I'm really lucky to have you as my grandfather.

I was very fortunate to have lived so nearby so that I could know you so well and have the opportunity to learn and listen from you.. Grandfather I will always remember your storys you told of growing up and your experiances. and grandpa you have the best sense of humor.

I don't know how many times you made grandma jump or how many times she's cursed as we laughed about succeeding once more . To this day she still jumps pretty high and cuses just the same.

You were right next to Dad, When he was unable to join me on a daddy daughter date. My date was you grandpa the best date I ever went on.

I have watched you help others all my life

I am so glad you are their to help mother with thoes hard tasks I know I don't need to worry because your looking after her while I live so far away and cannot be there to help her myself.

There will never be a better gift that you can give that can bring a happier feeling than the happiness felt when my children were being blessed with a name by their great-grandfather. What a special honor to have to cherish in their lives, both blessings were so special to bring health and strength to them in the trials they will face in the future.

I think of you and grandmother daily. For you are so close in my hearts.

Weston eyes light up when his grandparents are near. Derrick will also learn to love you as dear. The time Weston spent with you both is time I don't think he will ever forget. I always wonder if I will ever be able to repay your love and kindness you have given to my family as well as myself.

I will honor you always grandfather.

I Love You!

JOY

THE BUILDER

Dean Bethers has always been a builder. In his profession, his service to the Lord, and his family, he has laid firm foundations with faith and love, erected strong support systems with honesty and hard work, provided a sheltering cover with respect and endurance, and continues to edify with trust and encouragement.

My first impressions of this builder were formed when I first became interested in his son. I found out that Vaun's Dad was working on the new stake house just up the street and I would slip out on the porch and watch to see what kind of man my hoped for future father-in-law was.

I did not know then but as I watched him labor on that building he was telling me how he lived his whole life. He worked tirelessly, never stopping to lean and chat, not that he didn't enjoy chatting, it's just that he always believed in giving whomever he worked for (boss, Lord, friends, or children) more than the full measure. He could share a good story or recount someone's genealogy and still out work most anybody around. His support system of honesty and hard work.

Later, as I came to know Vaun better, I came to know his father better. There were times I was invited to Sunday dinner where he would visit and mingle but not eat. He had not come to the end of his fast. Although he dearly loves Grandma's superior cooking and always enjoys a big bowl of ice cream, his desire for the blessings that come from obedience and service to the Lord come first. I saw this as he served in the ward, on their mission, in the temple and in his daily living.

After our marriage, I continued to watch as he was always there to help with anything from building or adding to our homes to participating in sacred gospel ordinances. I saw too, no matter how tired he was he would always make time to make a visit to Grandpa's special for the grandkids. He and grandma always make you feel wanted and welcome in their home. His foundation of faith and love.

How many times have we looked in from the kitchen to see Grandpa perched on the edge of the chair, leaning on his elbow on the desk as he rubbed his head while pondering the words of a lesson or church book? Eventhough he was unable to attend college he has been an example of continual learning and encourages all of us in both secular and religious enrichment.

As he encourages, he tries to be careful not to impose his will. He is always there to offer his opinions and help were it is needed. Many times he has listened with his heart and helped with prayers and hard work.

Now when the years of hard work are taking their toll on his earthly body, he and his eternal companion are the embodiment of endurance. Although many of the things they would like to do are not available to them now, they do not quit. Continuing to provide a shelter of respect and endurance they set the example as they care for each other, attend their meetings, care about others, support family activities, encourage us, and ever pray for us.

Dean Bethers stands as the spiritually strong patriarch of a growing, forever family. A family that is continually blessed through this great builder.

6/2/89 Mrs. Vaun Bethers

MEMORIES OF MY DAD
Vaun Bethers

I remember Dad drilling a hole in the outter shell of our turtles and installing a loop of wire so we could keep the turtle in our yard, otherwise, cars would hit them when they went out in the road.

Dad took out the back seat of the car and hauled sawdust from Anderson's Sawmill in the back seat and trunk in order to fill up the newly created high jump pit.

During our newspaper delivery days, Dad would take us around Daniels on Sunday morning at 6:00 A.M. On special Sundays like Christmas, we would go out at 1:00 A.M. as soon as the papers were delivered to the checking station.

Dad never went deer hunting with us, but he was always pleased when we brought home the deer and remembered to bring him the liver.

When Dad was Bishop of the Daniels Ward, he spent a lot of his time overseeing the building and remodeling of the Church House. We helped put the lawn around the church and watered it with a gasoline pump and hoses from the ditch. It seemed that we would get our selves wetter than the lawn. I remember helping Dad pour the concrete sidewalks around the church. I don't know how much help we were.

When Dad was the custodian we would help him clean the church on Saturday. Somehow there was always at least an hour available to get the dust off the basketball hoops. Dad would use his famous two-handed shot from the mid court line and dead eye the basket.

We were able to buy a Morgan horse with the understanding that it was our responsibility to take care of the horse. While I was off to college and Dale was on his mission, Dad took care of the horse. On his way to feed Brandy, Dad always visited with a retired sheepherder. They would talk about the church and Dad would answer his questions. The sheepherder started to keep the Word of Wisdom because of those talks. He finally prepared himself to take his family to the temple. Dad still says that at least one good thing came from him taking care of the horse.

Dad was considerate of those he was assigned to ward teach and the widows in the ward. Till this day he concerns himself with helping them when he can.

The time Dad spent with us was quality time. I enjoyed the hikes we took on the hill and was amazed at the skill Dad exhibited when we came in contact with wome rattlesnakes.

The longest hike we took was to climb Mt. Timpanogos. It was a long way up and a longer but easier way down. You should have seen the fun Dad had with us as we went over the ridge of the glacier on rope and then slid down to the bottom. I remember him trying to take our minds away from the hurt of the blisters on our feet by kidding us.

I will always cherish my special moments with Dad. Even the times he threatened to put us in the cellar to stay if we didn't go to church. Somehow we always decided to go.

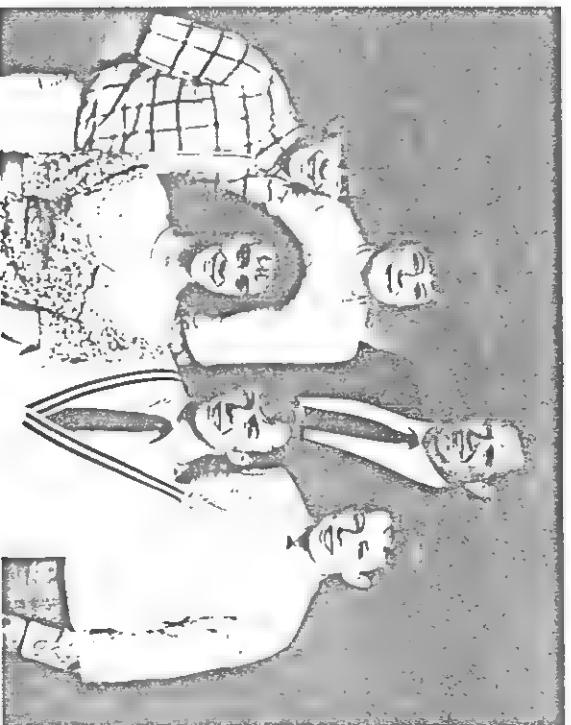
One Sunday a number of us decided to go to Mangums Service Station to pick up some penny candy before we went to Sacrament meeting. I wrecked my bike, tore my white shirt and my arm. Dad was patient with me and I know he was concerned about me.

church I appreciated learning from him his love for our Savior. When the coal furnace stoker broke, which it often did, the coal had to be shoveled away from the trough before the stoker could be repaired. I don't know about the three times I was with him if I helped or not but the job got done. No one else it seemed could or would do it. But Dad did it because it was the Lord's House.

Dad has always stood for being fair with his fellowman. Dad has shared his testimony with others through his service and love. He helped me receive and strengthen my testimony. I love our dad. I thank him for the many sacrifices he made on my behalf.

It is difficult to think of Dad without Mom as he always says that she is his better half. To both of them I say, Thank you.

Vaun Bethans



GRANDPA BETHERS
Pam Bethers

My fondest memories of Grandpa Bethers are simple, yet extravagant, and quiet, yet exciting. There were the games of "Annie-I-Over" with the cousins; the swing rides; the quiet walks; the daring and dangerous sleigh riding hill; and, of course, the awesome torrents of the raging creek across from the house.

Whether we were Captain Blye catching our own Moby Dick in the creek, or Neil Armstrong reaching the sky on the swing, Grandpa was the strong silent supporter and creator, always there to provide hours of entertainment.

Grandpa has been, is, and will always be the strong spiritual support for family, friends, and neighbors. A shining example for all of us. I will remember him most for his generosity, honesty, service, and unconditional love.

GRANDPA BETHERS
Chad Bethers

One of my favorite memories is going on walks with Grandpa. My two brothers, Grandpa, and I would go outside to the lilac bush to see if there were any fishing poles left. If there weren't any, Grandpa would get out his trusty pocket knife. Then he would cut some twine while we looked for sticks.

After fishing, sometimes we would walk up to the top of the mountain and look down at Grandpa and Grandma's house. Sometimes we would count the cars that would go by on the highway. As the old folks would say "that was back in the good old days."

GRANDPA BETHERS
Kevin Bethers

I liked rock fishing in the stream across the road from Grandpa's house. I also remember a time that we were playing Aggravation. For about three hours Grandpa would guess the number before we rolled the die and was right every time. It was almost scary, but each time Grandpa laughed harder than ever.

GRANDPA BETHERS
David Bethers

One of my funnest times was in the winter when it just snowed. Grandpa would get the tobaggan out and we would climb the mountain, then go all the way down back to the house on it. It's fun when Grandpa boxes with our dog, too.

June 12, 1989

MORE FROM DAUGHTER DEANA:

As a kid I remember daddy spending alot of time playing with us. Our favorite time was when he would get on his knees and hands and give us horse rides and then would end up with his famous camel ride.

Dad would clean and wax the dance floor in the old hall and he would let us sit on the ironing board covered with sheets and blankets, as he pulled it around the floor to make it shine and slippery. He would also have us help clean up the church house. And then he would let us play basketball for our pay. We thought we were pretty good at shooting basket until he would grab the ball and shoot from one basket to another. Invariable the ball would swish through the net. Then it was time to go.

Dad is a true, dyed in the wool, white and blue, B.Y.U. Fan. One night their basketball team had a close game so I called long distance just to tease dad and feel of his excitement. He didn't know it was me and just handed the phone to mom. I laughed and laughed. It had served its purpose.

Our older children love to get him talking about his life and various experiences he has had. They will stay up all night as long as they can keep him going.

The little ones enjoy the nicknames he makes up for them. Elizabeth is protective of her nickname and will tell anyone that calls her " Lollipop " that only her grandpa that lives by the hill can call her that..

Dad has always been concerned about our happiness and well being. He is always there welling to help us spiritually, mentally, or whatever.

Dad is very knowledgeable in the gospel and not a bit shabby on anything else. He always does his best and usually more in anything he accepts to do. If it were not for his eye sight he would still be the best active carpenter and finisher around.

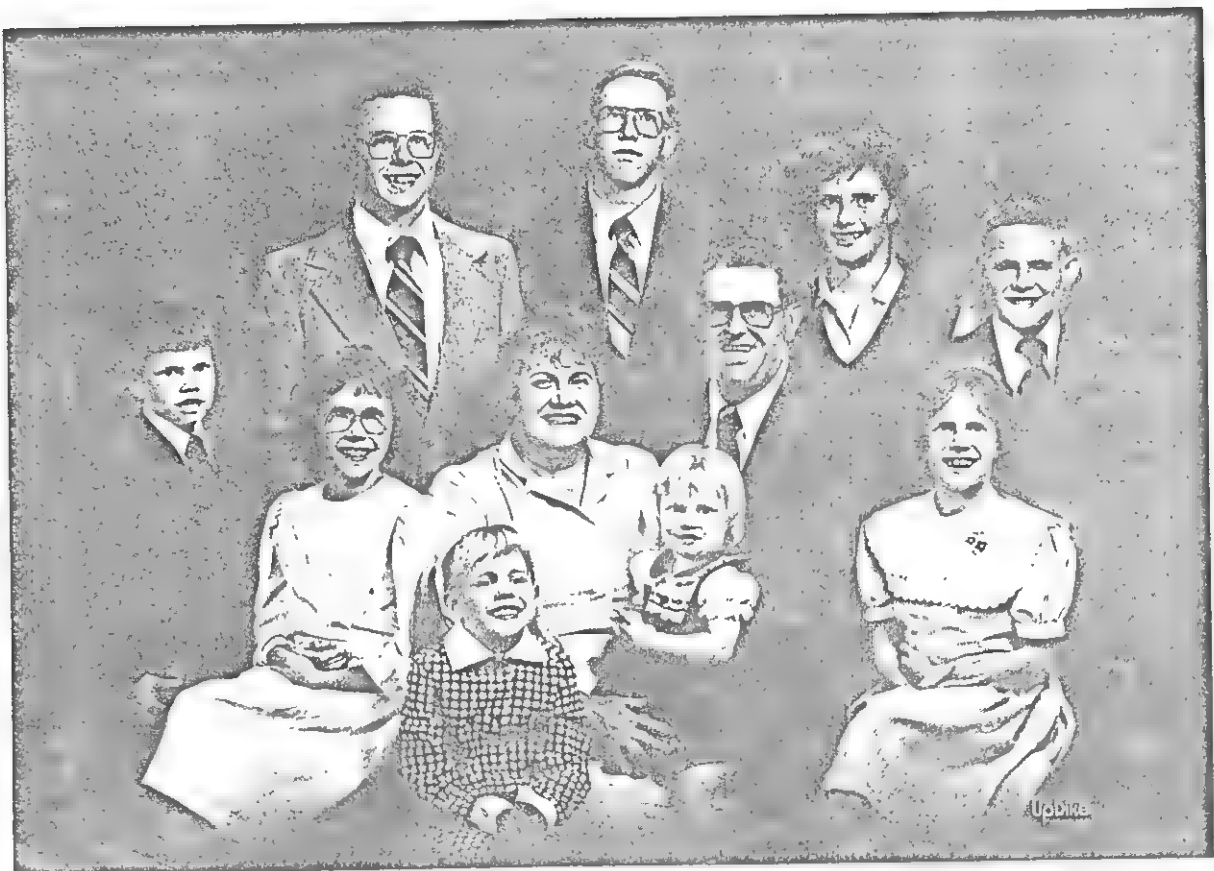
Dad doesn't know the meaning of idle.

Dad is 78 years old today and will be 80 years old next year!!!!

LOVE

Richard, Deana. Kent, Scott, cindy, Joe, Carla, Vicki, Dale, Elizabeth and Rachelle

" LECKIE"





MY DAD DEAN BETHERS, THE GUY THAT SAYS HIS KIDS DIDN'T GET THEIR GOOD LOOKS FROM HIM, BECAUSE HE CLAIMS HE STILL HAS HIS GOOD LOOKS, AND HE IS NOT ABOUT TO GIVE THEM TO ANYONE!!!!

MY DAD DEAN BETHERS IS QUITE A FUN LOVING PERSON. WE HAVE HAD ALOT OF FUN TOGETHER AS A FAMILY AND WE ARE GOING TO CONTINUE TO HAVE FUN. ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS THAT I CAN REMEMBER DOING WITH DAD AS A YOUNGSTER WAS RIDING ON HIS BACK. HE USE TO GIVE US CAMEL RIDES AND ELEPHANT RIDES AND I REMEMBER US ALWAYS FALLING OFF AND CLIMBING BACK ON TO TRY IT AGAIN. I DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF US COULD STAY ON HIS BACK. IT WAS A LOT OF FUN AND I REMEMBER LAUGHING SO HARD AS WE TOOK TURNS AND PLAYED AROUND. DAD WAS A BUSY MAN BUT HE ALWAYS HAD TIME TO PLAY WITH US AND SPEND THE TIME WITH US. I REMEMBER THAT WE ALWAYS LOOKED FORWARD TO HIS COMING HOME FROM WORK AND HAVING A BIG SUPPER AS A FAMILY. IT WAS ALWAYS GOOD TO BE TOGETHER AS A FAMILY TO TALK OVER THE EVENTS OF THE DAY.

DAD WAS A BISHOP DURING MOST OF MY YOUNGER YEARS, AND I REMEMBER SPENDING A LOT OF TIME WITH DAD WHILE HE WAS DIRECTING THE BUILDING OF THE OLD CHURCH HOUSE OR REMODELING IT. I REMEMBER THAT IT WAS VERY IMPORTANT TO DO IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME, SO THAT YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO IT OVER AGAIN. THAT SAME FATHER ALSO TOLD ME THAT A GOOD CARPENTER WAS ONE THAT COULD COVER UP HIS MISTAKES THE QUICKEST. I DON'T BELIEVE DAD EVER MADE ANY MISTAKES, HE WAS A VERY GOOD CARPENTER, AND A VERY GOOD FATHER.

DAD WAS BUSY AS A BISHOP, BUT HE STILL HAD TIME TO TEACH US AND HELP US AS WE GREW INTO YOUNG MEN. VAUN AND I, THE OTHERS IN THE FAMILY WERE YOUNG WOMEN OF COURSE. I REMEMBER THAT ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION I DIDN'T WANT TO GO TO CHURCH, SO DAD TOLD ME THAT IT WAS UP TO ME, BUT THAT IF I STAYED HOME I WOULD HAVE TO STAY IN THE BASEMENT SO THAT I WOULD BE SAFE AND HE WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME, I NEVER STAYED HOME, I DIDN'T LIKE THE BASEMENT. I EVEN USED THIS METHOD ON MY KIDS, AND IT STILL WORKS TODAY JUST LIKE IT DID WITH ME, I HAVE LEARNED A LOT FROM MY DAD, AND I AM STILL LEARNING MANY IMPORTANT THINGS FROM HIM NOW.

DAD ALWAYS LIKED TO SEE PEOPLE OR ANIMALS JUMP. HE WAS ALWAYS LOOKING FOR WAYS TO SCARE US OR FRIGHTEN US. ONE TIME WHILE VAUN AND I WERE BATHING (WE WERE QUITE YOUNG, 7 OR 8) HE BLEW ON THE DRAIN PIPE AND BLEW THE WATER STOP OUT OF THE BATH TUB, AND LET OUT A YELL THAT SCARED US TO DEATH. POOR OLD VAUN AND I ONLY HAD ONE WAY TO GO AND THAT WAS OUT INTO THE KITCHEN, BIRTHDAY SUITS AND ALL, RIGHT INTO SOME COMPANY THAT WAS VISITING. WE WERE NOT DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION BUT WE FELT MUCH SAFER THERE THAN IN THAT BATH TUB. DAD IS STILL LAUGHING ABOUT THAT. HE IS NOT LAUGHING ALONE.

DAD WAS VERY SUPPORTIVE OF US DURING OUR SCHOOL YEARS, WHETHER WE WERE PARTICIPATING IN SPORTS, SINGING IN THE CHOIR, OR DANCING IN THE DARK. I DON'T THINK WE EVER DANCED IN THE DARK, OH WELL ! DAD USE TO TELL US ABOUT THE DANCES IN THE OLD HALL, BUT I DON'T REMEMBER EVER SEEING HIM DANCE. ANY WAY, BACK TO BUSINESS. DAD HIKE TIMPANOGUS WITH US, NOT ONCE BUT TWICE, I REMEMBER HIM SAYING THAT CLIMBING TIMP WAS SOMETHING THAT EVERYONE SHOULD DO ONCE, BUT THAT NO ONE WAS STUPID TO CLIMB IT AGAIN. I GUESS I AGREE WITH THAT, BUT WERE GETTING TO MAKE THAT SAME ASSAULT WITH MY CHILDREN NOW, MY THIRD TIME UP.

TIME MARCHED ON AND I FOUND MYSELF ON A MISSION, NOT BECAUSE MY FAMILY PRESSURED ME INTO GOING, BUT BECAUSE THEY GUIDED ME AND LET ME MAKE THE DECISION TO GO. DAD AND MOM FINANCED MY MISSION AND SUPPORTED ME AND HELPED ME GO TO FULFILL A GOOD MISSION. I WILL ALWAYS BE THANKFUL FOR THEIR SACRIFICE TO HELP ME SERVE A MISSION AND GAIN A TESTIMONY OF THE GOSPEL.

SOME OF THE NEATEST EXPERIENCES I HAD WITH DAD WAS WHILE WE WERE BUILDING OUR HOMES. I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY OF HAVING DAD BUILD TWO HOUSES WITH ME.. HE WORKED HARD AND TAUGHT ME MANY THINGS. HE EVEN TAUGHT ME HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE. BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO ME WAS JUST BEING WITH HIM, TALKING TO HIM, AND GETTING TO KNOW HIM A LITTLE BETTER. I COULDN'T HAVE EVEN POURED THE FOUNDATION OR FOOTING WITH OUT HIM TEACHING ME HOW TO DO IT. HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN WILLING TO HELP ME ANY WAY HE CAN, AND I WILL ALWAYS BE THANKFUL TO HIM FOR ALL THAT HE HAS DONE AND ALL THAT HE IS DOING FOR ME AND MY FAMILY.

MY DAD IS A VERY SPECIAL PERSON, A FATHER THAT HAS A STRONG TESTIMONY OF THE GOSPEL, PREACHES THE GOSPEL, AND PRACTICES WHAT HE PREACHES, HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD EXAMPLE TO ME IN MY LIFE AND I LOVE HIM AND APPRECIATE HIM. IT'S HARD TO PUT IN WORDS MY FEELINGS, IT'S HARD FOR ME TO PUT ANY THING INTO WORDS, BUT I WOULD ALWAYS LIKE MY FATHER TO BE PROUD OF ME, AND THE ONLY WAY I CAN HAVE THAT HAPPEN, IS BY BEING THE KIND OF PERSON MY FATHER HAS TAUGHT ME TO BE, DOING THE THINGS HE HAS TOLD ME TO DO, AND BEING MORE LIKE HIM. HE HAS BEEN A GREAT EXAMPLE TO ME IN MY LIFE.

THANK YOU DAD DALE

" IF I COULD TAKE MY DAD APART, I'D FIND INSIDE A LOVING HEART: HIS MIND IS FULL OF THINGS TO DO. HE BROUGHT ME JOY THE WHOLE DAY THRU: HE MADE ME LAUGH WHEN I COULD CRY, FROM HEAD TO TOE HE'S ONE NICE GUY. HE TAUGHT ME TO PICK RIGHT FROM WRONG. TO DRIVE A CAR TO SING A SONG. IF I COULD CHOOSE FROM ALL THE REST. I'D STILL THINK THAT MY DAD WAS BEST. THANK YOU DAD FOR SAYING NO, FOR SHOWING ME THE WAY TO GO. FOR UNDERSTANDING LITTLE GIRLS, FOR PUTTING UP WITH FRILLS AND CURLS, FOR TEACHING ME TO KNEEL AND PRAY, FOR WORKING WITH ME EVERY DAY, FOR ALL MY SISTERS AND MY BROTHER AND THANK YOU DAD FOR CHOOSING MOTHER. "

author unknown

THANKS DAD FOR ALL YOU DO FOR ME: LINDA

There are two things that stand out with me when I think of my dad. First of all, Dad was a hard worker. He would finish any job he started. If he said he would do something he did it. He provided well for us. We had all we needed and more. He worked hard as a Bishop for many years. He helped us gain our testimonies and he helped us learn the gospel.

Another thing I am especially grateful to my Dad for is his mighty prayers. I know my dad is a prayerful person and I truly believe it was his faith and prayers in my behalf that got me through many experiences in my life.

I remember a special time we had as a family. I believe it was the year 1956 when I was 11 years old. Dad decided to take Deana, Mom, Grandma Bethers and me to the Los Angeles Temple dedication. Grandpa Bethers did not go because he didn't want to be in the way. We left for a week. It was a wonderful trip that included Grand Canyon (Dad scaring us because he got too close to the edge on purpose.) Hoover Dam, Knox Berry Farm, and the temple dedication. It is a time I will always remember.

I am very thankful to my dad for his love and concern for us always. Thanks dad for all you do for me.

THANK YOU

LINDA



HAPPY IS HE WHO REMEMBERS HIS FOREFATHERS
WITH PRIDE, AND WHO, WITH PLEASURE, RELATES
THE STORIES OF THEIR DEEDS. WHO, WITH
SILENT REJOYING, SEES HIMSELF LINKED TO
THE END OF THIS GOOD CHAIN.



Love to Dean From Les & Mabel

Dean and I were close to each other not only in age but in everything we did. We went to school in Park City, Then moved back to Daniels and went to school to the 8th grade.

Dean and I walked most of the way to Arizona, We walked over the hills and meet the family at the other side of the road, than had our lunch, we would go again. As we came to Las Vegas we got in the wagon and rode down the main street, looking out from under the canvas, so people couldn't see us. When we arrived, we went right to work picking cotton and leveling the ground.

Dean and I got along good together. We milked the cows and did farm work together. He could do house work better than me, a good wood chopper. He helped me build my houses in Daniels and in Heber.

I have had people tell me what a good Bishop he was. And I also know he has been a Temple worker. They are good parents and have a nice family.

From Mabel: Dean has been a real friend and a good brother in law. He seemed interested in what ever you were doing.

Us four went to Oklahoma and spent a week with Al and Jeannie. We really had a good time and laughed alot.

Dean is a religious man of great faith and Arthella has been by his side to help. I love them both.

To Dean from Sister Irene

This year it seems its time to write some of our memories of the oldest of our clan. Dean Bethers the oldest and the patriarch of the family of Albert and Almira Bethers.

I guess I remember Dean as doing a lot of work around the place when I was young. I think Mother depended on him, perhaps because he was the oldest.. I am not sure if he was happy doing it, but he did it anyway. In all that he did, he did his best working hard to accomplish the task.

I have memories of course of him telling mom he was going to get married. I think I had big ears one day. Of course everyone was happy, because everyone thought Arthella was special and still do.

Of course as teen "AGERS" , Millie and I and other friends of ours would talk Dean and Arthella in taking us to the dances, To Center Creek and other places which they did often.

When I ran off and was married. I remember after telling Mom and Dad I stopped at Deans and Arthellas window, as they were living in part of our house. Anyway she gave me a night gown and I don't remember what else. They didn't even tell me I had rocks in my head. I was gone and living in other areas for years, but when ever I was around Dean was willing to help in anyway he could.

I believe he has tried to set a good example for all of us. He has always had the courage to say I am sorry and apologize when he was wrong. But stuck to his convictions when he was right. This I appreciate. I have never known him to tear a person down, but try to build him up. He always seems to accept people as they are.

I have talked to many people, who had Dean as their Bishop, They tell me how many times he has helped them in so many different ways.

We have enjoyed our visits, when we were able to run to Heber and just drop in. It's great just to sit and visit.

I know that Dean and Arthella have helped to keep our Bethers reunion going and have helped to keep us close as a family. They have raised a wonderful family and we appreciate them all. We surely hope his life will be preserved and we will have him around for a long time.

Dean Bethers

Dean was the first born to Albert Francis and Almira Tiffany Bethers he was followed by four Brothers and four sisters. Mother always said that when the family came along Dean was always a big help to her in doing the chores and looking after the younger children in the family .

As far back as I can remember we all looked up to Dean as an example. He always seemed to enjoy school work and for that matter just going to school. He was involved in playing football and must have been a pretty tough lineman as he gained the nickname of Stonewall. He enjoyed all sports that were available at that time and participated in them.

He was a good example in the Church and always attended his meetings. As far as I know he never did form any bad habits that he had to quit before he accepted the assignment in the Sunday School Superintendency and other jobs that he was called to in preparing himself to go through the Temple.

Dean was involved and enjoyed going to the Saturday Night Dances with the other older members of the family. In the winter time when automobiles were not available they would hitch the team of horses to the bobsleigh and go to Centercreek or to our Ward House and enjoy the evening.

I remember when Dean, Les and their cousin Harold Bethers got into the old 1929 Chev and headed for California to find work. I was impressed that we may not see them for a long time but as it worked out jobs were not plentiful there and they came home in a short time.

Dean was always a hard worker and everyone that knew him was aware of the fact that when he started a job that everybody and everything had better move over as he was determined to complete the project. He had a hayfeaver problem all his life but I have seen him work in the hayfields until his eyes were almost closed. He was always honest in his dealings with everyone and would give an honest days work for his pay.

I remember we were all happy when he got the job of dumping cars outside of the Judge Mine in Park City and didn't have to go down in the mine. Finally he got into the carpenters trade and worked at that until he retired. This trade came in handy when the Church bought the old Little Red School House and remodeled it for the Daniel Ward Chappel when he was the Bishop of the Ward. I don't suppose anyone will ever know how much time he gave to this and other projects.

Dean was always Missionary Minded and would have something to say to the head strong and wayward person that would help them change their ways for good. I know that he help many people become active in the Church. Finally he and Arthella was called and filled a foreign mission for the Church in Canada.

Dean has conducted and spoke at many funeral services for his friends, relatives and members of his ward. He and Arthella have complimented each others personalities in their home with their children and in all off their work in the Church.

We continue to pray for their well being that they may have continued health and strength so that they can carry out their missions in life.

We give unto you our unwavering love. Sincerely,

Howard M. Bethers and family

1.

Brother Dean

Dean was my oldest brother. I don't ever seem to remember him as a boy. He always seemed grown to me. He ~~was~~ seemed so big I didn't dare try to fight with him as a boy, at least, I don't remember him giving me much trouble. I guess it was because he was so easy to get along with. I remember, as a kid, I was pretty obstinate, but it was Les that, generally, took the wind out of my sails if I went too far. He was almost as big as Dean so I'm glad he took pity on me and only gave me part of what I really deserved. I have always been thankful for the training they gave me, even the few vigorous parts. Les will creep into my story about Dean because he and Dean ~~are~~ are so close to each other and have so many of the same good qualities I can't think of one without the other one arriving in my thoughts.

I remind Dean of his age, to get even he reminds me that he is only 7 years older than me, but as I figure it on his birthday this year he will be 8 years older. He kicks up a slight fuss about that and always demands an explanation. He is always constant about everything he's ever done, He's been a good example for me to follow through life and I've always been proud to be his brother.

Over seventy odd years I've been around and believe me some of them have been more odd than others, anyway, my mind has rebelled and refuses to recall, distinctly, anything that's happened over a couple of minutes ago so I'll ramble on, which trait I'm very good at and getting better

I guess the first time I remember Dean being a hero was when he saved us kids the night mother left him in charge of the flock and went to mutual. The night was dark and stormy, the thunder roared, the lightning flashed, the canvas dam we used to take the place of the missing door in the new addition dad was building on our two story mansion, one room up and one down, flapped noisily. and a terrible sound came from the dark new room. I hid behind Dean and the rest of the kids. The next day, as we talked it over, I felt like a coward, but

as the years have passed and I have learned the ways of the world I realize I was only trying to protect the kids in front of me. Dean thought fast and grabbed old Tip, our faithful hound, who I guess, was hiding in the corner. Tip got a flying trip into the dark, unfinished room and cut short the visit of two of our sheep who had entered through the space made for an outside door. They must have panicked when the storm hit and sounded like four mixed up tap dancers on a T V comedy. I always felt safe with my two big brothers around, especially after they had tuned me up with a few rousing ghost stories and the lights were out. Ghost stories seemed to be the most interesting part of our entertainment, before radio took up our time. Dad was an expert on telling ghost stories and had taught my big brothers by word and deed how to best apply them. I think my hair fell out prematurely because of them but as I have remembered them through the years and have gone through them many times in my memory, I would rather have those memories than a few extra gray hairs to comb. I really enjoy them now, the stories, and I have a few gray hairs, very few.

Dean has had good health most of his life. He seemed to be tireless in every thing he did I remember when we walked to church he'd only be warmed up and, if I kept up with him I was ready to drop. We used to haul grain from the field in harvest time before school. He would load it on the hayrack and I would stack it or would try to stack it so it would stay on. Instead of one or two bundles like the average man would load he would load three or four at a time. I kept checking, when I could get out from under the grain, to see if he had help. I wanted to sleep the last class in school, but he was ready to play football till dark. He was called stonewall because the opposing team couldn't pass him. If I had played they would have called me pebble and tripped over me or tossed all one hundred and fifteen tired pounds out of the way.

. When Dean worked in the mines in Park city the man who worked with him said that when the rest of the crew was give out and were ready to quit he was only getting started and was ready to go on. He has always done more than one man's work in everything he's had a part in. I was glad,when we lived in Daniels,that his hay fever didn't get too severe until he had done his work on our farm and half of mine. I remember he and Les working with dad in arizona, the year we spent down there. They came home, at dark, with our groceries on their shoulders, Unselfishly giving their all for the welfare of the family. This trait was endless for them.

I remember Les taking me to Provo to get my first suit of clothes, Dean foot the bill. I was only about thirteen or so at the time. a person would've had to have worn Knee pants to realize how much that suit meant to me. The depression was on in full force at that time so it had to last. I think I wore that suit until I was about seventeen or so. My body seemed to cooperate because I weighed one hundred fifteen pounds for about four years. I don't remember what happened to the suit.

I remember Dean and Les working in the mines they bought cars. Dean's was a green car I remember Dean sitting in that one and others through the years waiting for the family to go to church. He has had the habit of going to church all his life. He would always take anyone who needed a ride with him. I'll bet he still has that habit. Dean has always loved people. He knew every one for miles around and helped anyone who needed him with their problems, especially those who needed the gospel.

We went to the Old Opre House. Dean danced up a storm. I went and done my best to find out which foot to start a waltz with. When I was fifty I finally found out, but it was too late to go back and show off. The old Opre house was gone.

4

Dean and Les were two of of Daniel's best on the young men's basket ball team and they loved most sports..Two of Dean's sons were allstars in football, and followed in his footsteps and became bishops. I remember him as a main character in my religious training as a boy. I had gone to seminary a couple of years and figured I knew all about religion. I was proud of the testimony I had gained so I figured I was some what of an authority on the subject. Now I was really ready to enter into the family discussions about every point of church doctrine that was brought up. In our home we discussed things we learned in our sunday school classes, and every other church class we attended. If there was anything come up that seemed to be against church doctrine we seemed to go through it twice, at least. I was a nosey type and had to know everything but ,naturally, I got mixed up about a lot of things. Dean was very level headed and sound in his thinking so would disagree quite often with some of my somewhat wild ideas, so we would discuss, with vigor various points of doctrine. What made it worse for me, mother who was a gospel student with many years experience would back Dean up and I would soon find out he was right. Les liked to argue and would join with me until they won him over then I lost the argument fast. These gospel discussions, at home, prepared me for missionary work which I followed most of my life. Jeannie said Les was right, when I she heard that he had said, long ago that I would argue if the devil stood ready to grab me. She says I'm still that way. The devil tried to grab me four times, at least, but only scared and shook hell out of me. That was his mistake with the hell gone I outgunned him with prayer.

I really don't like to argue. I just like to discuss religion forcefully. A visit from our heavenly Father and his number one Son has convinced me it isn't a bad way to go, If I discuss the right things at the right time.

23

This is not only some history and a tribute to one of the best men I know. It is a testimony of the worth of home training in a devout christian home with special members of our heavenly Father's family. Each has given me many lessons which helped me through life and are still helping me to understand the gospel and our purpose in life. I'm sure we don't fully realize how valuable we are and have been to each other in life. As I grow older I more fully realize that man doesn't walk alone and get very far.

If each of us wish to honor our fathers and mothers, with the greatest gift we can bestow on them, we will be there when the roll is called up yonder with a bright halo.

My rambling has to cease somewhere so will close with my prayers and blessings on our family patriarch brother Dean and family. As we turn the spotlight on him we honor sister Arthella too, remembering that man does not walk alone, with her help he couldn't lose.

I haven't lived close to the family for years, but Jeannie has kept me in the straight and narrow and is a perfect example of what a wife and companion should be.

BROTHER ALVIN BETHERS

my Brother Dean!

Today as we spotlight you in the Bethers Reunion and also in the Bethers family as our Patriarch since our Father has passed away, I want to tell you how much I love you and that love has grown throughout the years and especially grown as I have grown older. I guess the reason for that is that maybe I have a few more brains and have found out what my brothers and sisters mean to me. And that they really do care about me.

I can't remember a heck of a lot of things when I was younger, since you were the oldest and I the youngest. Guess you were more of a father figure.

Can't seem to remember you without Arthella. To me it seems like she was always with us. And always with us when we lived in the red brick house. She is a very big part of my life, not a sister-in-law but truly my sister.

I love you both very much, and love you for the concern and love I feel you have for me. I do know my family is always there when I need them and need someone to talk. I never always knew that.

What I do recall about my big brother is that he had a habit he naturally came by. (I think from our Father) and that all the spooky things you did and the stories you told. And all the knocking and scratching you did on the doors and walls. And what a kick you got out of it. You know that red brick home was spooky enough, especially for the younger members of the family.

I hated to see night come because it was dark and most of the time I had to sleep alone, especially since the older sisters were out dating. Right now I still don't care for the dark and the ghosts. But I am not so bad since I have been working in the temple, this work seemed to help some of that scarey feeling go away. Now guess I am just scared of the living.

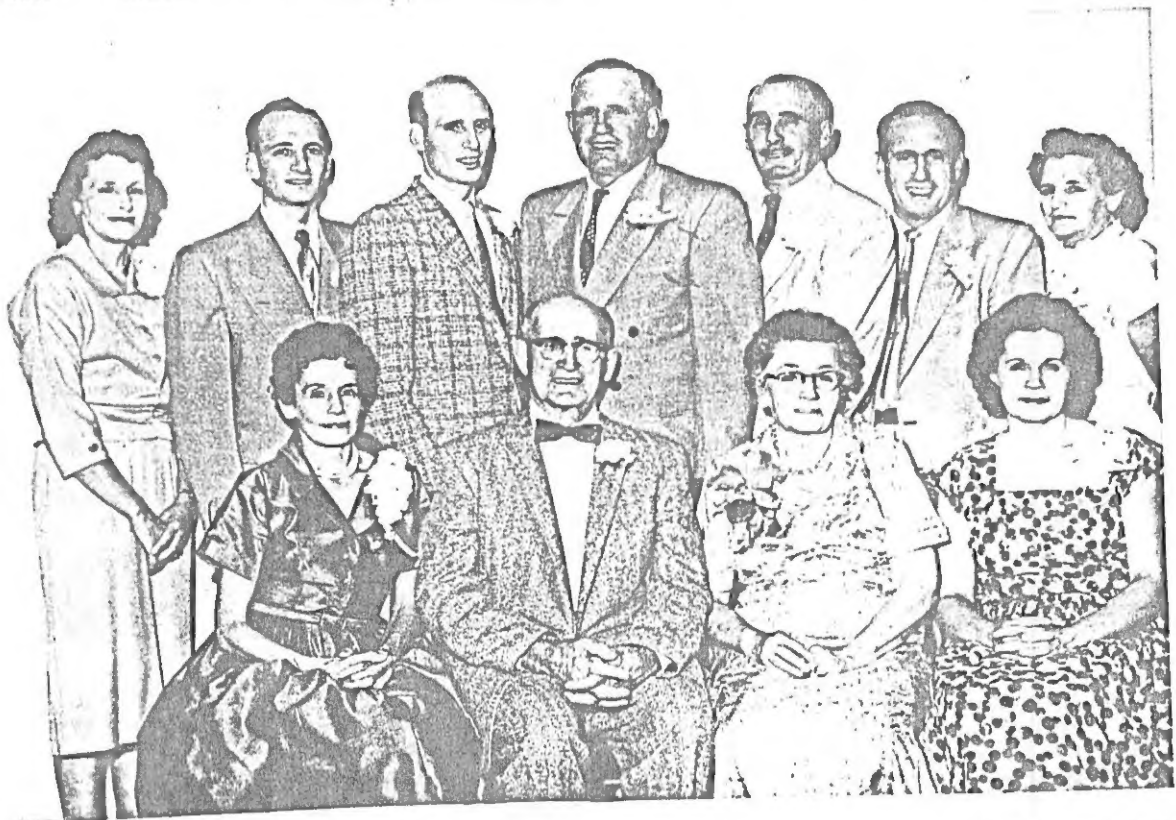
My kids always wanted to hear spook stories and I'm afraid I told a few too. And now they want to know how come I told them to them. I guess all of us brothers and sisters are some-what chips off the old block.

Trough the years when our kids were younger they always liked to go to your home, and I think that was because you both and your family was so good to them and Arthella would always get the food out. They always said what a good cook she was and still is today. She still gets the food going when we go there. And we still love to go there.

We had very good parents and I know they loved each of us very much. What a great heritage they have left us and I am so very proud of that. I love my Brothers and Sisters very much and feel they love me and are concerned for our family.

May Our Father Heaven bless us, each and everyone and give us the strength and courage to carry on and get through our trails the best that we can and as he would want us to do and endure to the end. And pray that our Father and Mother will be proud of us also.

Erma!



TO DEAN

The " BIG BROTHER ", in every way. One who would go the extra mile to make sure that no one would think he had been taken advantage of by Dean. I don't know anyone that would do more or travel more extra miles for family or friends than Dean..... Who would forgive and forget as quickly as Dean.

When Howard and I still lived next door, He and Arthella knew we were alone as teenagers and didn't cook too well, so they had us come to dinner many nights to be sure that we were sure to get a good meal once a day. I know that Ma or Dad didn't ask them to do it. But they did it out of unconditional love, with nothing expected in return. Despite their own needs. He had a growing family of his own.

It is little wonder that you hear praises from the people from that area. Eileen Webb McGuire told of the change that came in her Dad and all because of Dean. (According to Eileen, Neb became a lover of his neighbors and wouldn't cause any of them discomfort although that was not true of earlier years.) He became the water master of Daniel and got along very well with his neighbors.

After many years, Tom Jones became a member and was sealed to his wife, who left him a widower, all because of Deans love for his neighbors. I know that their were many others affected by Dean.

Dean, as you know was a carpenter, and worked in many places, Wasatch County, Salt Lake County, Utah County and many others. He also did piece work for his friends and neighbors. He has confided in me that he worked extra hours that he didn't charge for just to be sure he gave enough work for the money he was to receive.

Daniel Ward, That he was the Bishop of aquired the elementary school that was nearby the old wooden building that served for many years. Dean took on the responsibility of the remodeling and adding on parts of the building. The ward members were supposed to help and I'm sure they did some, but only Dean, Arthella and the Lord knows how much effort, time and money Dean put into that project. I'm sure Deans only remarks would be, " Well look what the Lord has done for me. I have a good wife, good health, and a very fine family ".

They say that integrity is what a man does when no one is looking. I belive I know no better example of "INTEGRITY" than Dean.

May the Lord bless you and Arthella forever

With everlasting love

Ned

A FEW THOUGHT FROM MILLIE B. GURR:

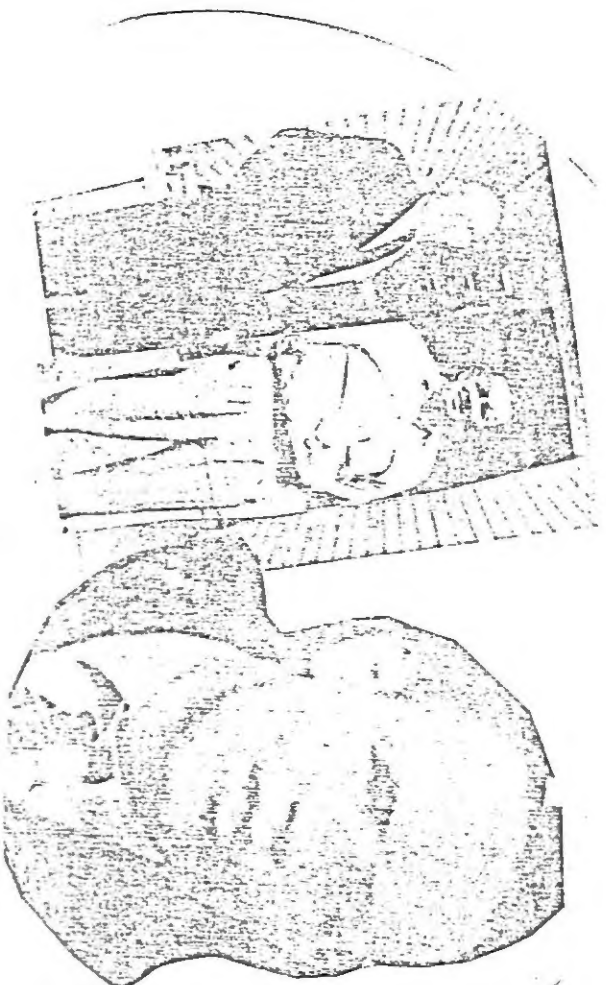
All my memories of Dean were good, he seemed to be a leader and always displayed kindness and understanding towards others. It seemed he was always encouraging others to do their best

I will always remember how he and Arthella would go take us. (Irene and I and who ever else) to the Friday night dances at Center Creek. This was really important to us at that time. And we really appreciated them for taking us to all thoes dances.

I think he absolutely found a wonderful companion. That has been a great strenght and support to him in everyway. They both have a wonderful spirit with them that you can feel when you are in their company.

I was so excited that they were able to serve a mission together. What a great blessing, and privilege, and experience. Dean will always hold a spot in our hearts for the good leader and kind hearted person he is. He always seems to enjoy seeing us, Having our good times. and some funny times too.

SPOTLIGHT OF 1979



DEAN AND ARTHELLA BETHERS (THE PATRIARCH OF OUR CLAN)
THEY ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR HONESTY AND HIGH IDEALS.
BOTH HARD WORKERS, WHO HELP EVERYONE. BOTH YOUNG IN SPIRIT,
DEEPLY RELIGIOUS.....ALWAYS GIVE GOOD ADVICE.
A GREAT BROTHER, SISTER...GRANDFATHER, GRANDMOTHER,
FATHER...MOTHER.....UNCLE....AUNT, GRANDPA & GRANDMA
FRIEND AND MISSIONARYS. WE LOVE YOU BOTH
" YOU ARE THE GREATEST "

